The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Mr. Arthur Rackham has done sixteen plates in colour and many full-page drawings and decorations in line for "The Romance of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table," which Mr. Alfred W. Pollard has abridged from Malory, and Messrs. Macmillan are about to publish.

Mr. Heinemann has two Christmas colour books in readiness for publication—a collection of tales, legends and popular fables of Flanders and Brabant, "Christmas Tales of Flanders," illustrated with colour plates and many black-and-white drawings by the brilliant Belgian artist, Jean de Bosschère; and "Serbian Fairy Tales," translated by Mme. Elodie Mijatovich and illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Sidney Stanley.

It is not surprising to hear that there is already a phenomenal demand for Ex-Ambassador Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month. The Kaiser's notorious letter to President Wilson is to be reproduced in it in facsimile.

Another important book throwing light on German ways is "A Diplomatic Diary," by Hugh Gibson, which the same firm will publish before Christmas. Mr. Gibson was first secretary to Mr. Brand Whitlock in the American Legation at Brussels.

Yet a third outstanding book from Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, in a season that is to be extraordinarily rich in important biographies, is "The Prime Minister," an authoritative Life of Mr. Lloyd George, by Harold Spender. Besides being full of personal reminiscences and an account of the Premier's origins and early strivings, drawn from first-hand sources, it gives, for the first time, a detailed narrative of Mr. Lloyd George's attitude towards the war and its conduct and of the crisis which led to the formation of the second Coalition Government.

Dr. George Brandes has said that "Pan Tadeusz, or The Last Foray in Lithuania" is "the one successful epic our century has produced," the century

referred to being, of course, the nineteenth and not our mere seventeen years of the twentieth. Professor Noyes of California has translated this epic, and it has just been published over here by Messrs. Dent.

"The Head of the Family," a new novel by Mrs. Henry Dudeney, will be published this month by Messrs. Methuen. It is a Sussex story, the scene being laid in the old county town of Lewes, where Mrs. Dudeney has lately made her home.

We are to have almost immediately from Messrs. Chatto & Windus, Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Short History of England"—a history written not from the standpoint of the politician or the pedant, but from that of the plain man.

Mr. John Lane is issuing shortly a unique book of folk stories, "Canadian Wonder Tales," by Cyrus Macmillan, with illustrations in colour by George Sheringham. These authentic folk tales of Canada were gathered by Mr. Macmillan during several years when he journeyed about Canada for that purpose on behalf of the Canadian Government, and he publishes this selection with his Government's permission. Mr. Macmillan, who was a Professor at McGill University, is now a Captain of Artillery and on active service with the Canadian contingent in France.

The Dickens Fellowship has issued a winter programme, which includes a lantern lecture by Mr. B. W. Matz on "The Illustration of Pickwick," and a lecture on "Victorian and Georgian," by Mr. Eugene Mason. Dickens lovers can get particulars concerning the Fellowship from the Secretary, Mr. W. C. Edwards, 76, Fawnbrake Avenue, S.E.24.

Three important biographies that Mr. John Murray has in his autumn list are a Life of Sir Charles Dilke, by Stephen Gwynne and Gertrude M. Tuckwell; "The Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke," by Principal Jacks; and the fifth and last volume of "The Life of Beaconsfield," by George Earle Buckle.

"New Nursery Rhymes of London Town," by Eleanor Farjeon, whose "Nursery Rhymes of London Town" was one of last Christmas's successes, will be published shortly by Messrs. Duckworth. It will be illustrated with line drawings by Macdonald Gill and a frontispiece in colour.

Photo by Paul Thompson. **Ex-Ambassador Gerard,** whose "My Four Years in Germany" Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

"Knock Three Times," a new story for children by Mrs. Marion St. John Webb, has just been published by Messrs. Harrap. It is illustrated in colour by Margaret Tarrant, who illustrated Mrs. Webb's earlier and first book, "The Littlest One," a volume of verse for children which was issued by the same firm and is now in its fifth thousand.

Messrs. W. Collins, Sons & Co. are publishing a study of Turgenev by Edward Garnett, with a Foreword by Joseph Conrad. They have an uncommonly interesting list of new novels for the autumn, including "Missing," a story of the war, by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "The Loving History of Peridore and Paravail," by Maurice Hewlett; "An Autumn Sowing," by E. F. Benson; "W. E. Ford," by J. D. Beresford and Kenneth Richmond; and "Knights of Araby," by Marmaduke Pickthall.

Messrs. John Meade & Company have just opened new premises at 207, Knightsbridge, S.W.7, a convenient centre at which the public may inspect the new books of the leading publishers, in all branches of literature, immediately they are issued.

"Flower of the Dark," a romance of the Welsh coal-fields, by Joseph Keating, will be published immediately by Messrs. Cassell.

Messrs. John Long & Co. publish as the first five of their new autumn novels, "Dear Yesterday,"

by Amy J. Baker; "The Garment of Immortality," by Alice and Claude Askew; "A Marriage for Two," by James Blyth; "Another Woman's Shoes," by H. Maxwell; and "The Shame of Silence," by Marie Connor Leighton.

In "India and the Future," which Messrs. Hutchinson have in the press, Mr. William Archer has made a close study of those problems of Indian government that are exercising the minds of modern political leaders, and offers his own suggestions towards their solution. He visited India in 1912; saw much of the country, its people and its ruling officials, and his interest in what he saw and heard led to his seriously taking up, then and subsequently, the consideration of those questions that are at the root of the present unrest in India, and will have to be answered in the right spirit and the right manner if the prosperous future of India is to be assured. He has the courage of his opinions and expresses them very frankly. He does not expect that his presentation of the case will "commend itself, at first blush, to British or Anglo-Indian opinion. Neither can I hope, unfortunately, that my argument will be read with approval in India; for I have much to say that cannot be agreeable to Indian self-complacency." Nevertheless, he sees a way over the obstacles to progress, and out of the imbroglio, and in his book seeks to show how that way may be trodden and the end to which it will lead.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Dr. J. Morgan De Groot.**

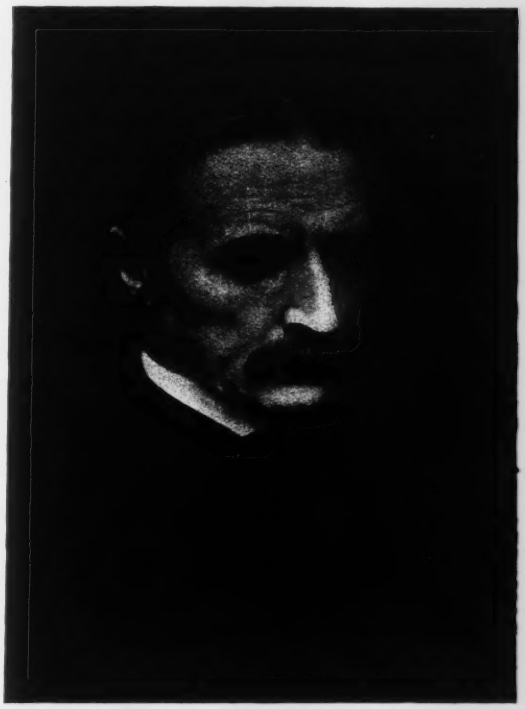


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. William Archer.**

"Glory Everlasting," a new novel by Mary Openshaw, author of "Afterthoughts," will be published forthwith by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Messrs. Nimmo & Co. have found it necessary in these war days to increase to 1s. 6d. net the price of their popular Miniature Series of books bound in velvet yapp, and of the handy Thumb Series of useful waistcoat-pocket volumes originally published by Messrs. David Bryce & Sons, including the Thumb Dictionary, the Thumb Prayer-Book, the Thumb Gazetteer, etc.

Dr. Morgan De Groot, whose new novel, "Wynningford," Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing, is by birth a Hollander, but by descent partly Scottish; he has been settled in this country for some years past, and married Miss Josephine McMaster, granddaughter of the eminent historian and novelist, W. J. Fitzpatrick. Dr. De Groot writes his novels in English, and scored his first success with "A Lotus Flower," which was published by Messrs. Blackwood. Instead of following the custom and ending the story of his heroine and hero with their marriage, he has in his later books dealt chiefly with their life after that date. He does so in "Wynningford," and in a novel he is just publishing sets himself to solve the problem of why so many marriages are unhappy.

Mr. Francis Dodd, the well-known portrait-painter, has been given special facilities to obtain

Miss Mary Marlowe.

sittings from distinguished leaders in the Army and Navy, and a first series of the portraits he has painted has been reproduced with appropriate letterpress and will be issued shortly under the title of "Generals of the British Army."

Miss Violetta Thurstan, whose "Text Book of War Nursing" Messrs. Putnams' Sons have in the press, knows her subject from actual experience. Her book was written at the front, and while she was correcting the proofs the dressing-station where she was posted was shelled out of existence, and she herself was wounded. Happily she is so far recovered that she has now been removed to England. Miss Thurstan is Organising Secretary of the National Union of Trained Nurses, but was granted leave of absence in August, 1914, so that she might take up war nursing. She has been decorated with the Russian Medal of St. George, the Belgian Red Cross Medal, and is to receive the English Military Medal. We publish a portrait of Miss Thurstan in our War Book Supplement.

Messrs. Siegle, Hill & Co. have added to their beautiful little French Booklets series a translation into French of FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." The translation is admirably rendered by Charles Grolleau, and the booklet, $3\frac{3}{4}$ ins. by $2\frac{1}{2}$ ins., is bound in velvet calf yapp at 1s. 3d. net.

A "History of Poland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," by Lieut.-Col. F. E. Whitton, is announced by Messrs. Constable.

"Kangaroos in Kingsland" is a story by Mary Marlowe of certain Australians in England and, though the author herself is not its heroine, she confesses that the story has roots in fact and that perhaps some of its characters have their prototypes in real life. Miss Marlowe is one of Australia's leading actresses. She is at present living in this country, and working in a war hospital. Incidentally, in one of our coast towns she had a raider's bomb dropped within twenty yards of her, and was for twenty minutes under shrapnel fire. The many leading parts played by Miss Marlowe include that of the heroine in Mr. Steel Rudd's "On Our Selection." There is said to be no hole or corner of Australia in which this play and the book on which it is founded are not known. The play is typically Australian and is as enormously popular there as "Charley's Aunt" used to be here. Steel Rudd was born on the station in Queensland (Westbrook) which belonged to Miss Marlowe's father. She is a squatter's daughter. Her grandfather, Sir John O'Shanassy, was three times Premier of Victoria. Two of her uncles, Sir Patrick Jennings and the Hon. Nicholas FitzGerald, were respectively Premier of N.S.W. and Speaker of the House of Representatives in Victoria. Sir Joseph Ward's eldest son is married to a first cousin of hers, and another first cousin, Brigadier-General FitzGerald, now on service in Egypt, married Millicent, Duchess

Photo by Vandyk. **Miss E. S. Stevens,**
whose brilliant new novel, "The Safety Candle," was published last month by Messrs. Cassell.

of Sutherland. "Kangaroos in Kingsland," which was written while Miss Marlowe was recently producing a play in America, will be published this month by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Mr. H. B. Elliott has compiled and Messrs. Holden & Hardingham have published in neat pocket form "Great Thoughts of Horatio Bottomley" (1s. net). The extracts are chosen from the articles Mr. Bottomley has been contributing to the *Royal Magazine* and the *Sunday Pictorial*, and the breezy common sense and genial confidence of the thoughts and opinions contained in it justify its description as "a book for pessimists."

Mr. Hugh Smithurst Eayrs, joint-author of "The Amateur Diplomat," which we review on another page, is one of the most promising of the younger Canadian authors. He lives in Toronto and, amongst other journalistic appointments, has served on the staff of *Maclean's Magazine*, of which his collaborateur, Mr. T. B. Costain, is editor. Mr. Eayrs, who is still under thirty, now holds an important position in the publishing house of the Macmillan Company of Canada, and has just finished a biography of Canada's military hero, General Brock, which that firm will publish shortly. He has done brilliant journalistic work for the *Canadian Courier*; and has written short stories for many periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic, some of his earliest in this country appearing in the *British Weekly* and the *Westminster Gazette*. Mr. Eayrs was born at Leeds, Yorkshire, and comes of a literary family. He assisted his father, the Rev. George Eayrs, F.R.Hist.S., in certain of his historical works; and his mother is the author, under a well-known pseudonym, of several charming and popular stories.

Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs.

When he was in camp, Major Haldane Macfall was struck, he says, by the fact that even the military public—men who do their bit splendidly, but concentrate on that bit—are extraordinarily hazy as to the real meaning of the war and the inner significance of the Allies' plans, and of those incidents that our bell-ringing enemies so lightly describe as their "victories." If this is so in the camps, it is not likely to be otherwise with the larger civilian public who have no technical training to guide them. To meet this need of a translation into untechnical English of the truth about the war, the hollowness of Germany's "victories," and the solid and far-reaching success of the Allied arms, Major Macfall has written a book which he is calling "The Man-in-the-Street and the War," and Lord French has written a special preface for it. He considers that the German Peace Strategy is far more dangerous to us than the German War Strategy, and is no less concerned to make this clear to the Allied democracies than to reveal to them the results of what was done by French and Joffre in the days of the Great Retreat, and of the decisive work that

Photo by R. Macfarlane Cocks.

Major Haldane Macfall.

has been done by the British and the French in their later fighting. "We have got to see this miserable business as a whole," says Mr. Macfall, "not to approve or disapprove of the war on petty grounds. I have done my best to help the Man-in-the-Street to see the war strategically and judge it strategically, so that, when the time comes, he may cast his vote strategically for a just and sensible democratic peace—for that peace will rest with him; he and he alone is responsible for it to the ages yet unborn."

The great war has led to amazing developments in medical and surgical science, and to bring this new work within the cognisance of the medical profession at home the University of London Press is publishing a handy series of illustrated "Military Medical Manuals" under the general editorship of Director-General Sir Alfred Keogh, K.C.B., C.B., LL.D., M.D., etc. The books are translated from the French, and each is written by a specialist in the branch of surgery or medicine covered by the volume.

"Michail, or The Heart of a Russian," by a Russian Lady, which Mr. Heinemann has just published, is a novel written in English by a well-known Russian writer; incidentally it gives a striking picture of the almost Oriental luxury in which the Russian upper classes live—or used to live.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have in the press a very interesting and revealing volume, "Real Russians," in which Mrs. Sonia Howe tells the story of her recent visit to Russia to obtain an amnesty for political exiles. Mr. Jeremiah Curtin's admirable account of "The Mongols in Russia," published by the same firm a few years back, has taken its place as a standard work in this phase of Russian history.

For students of the Russian language, Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. issue a series of very useful little books, including "The Russian Alphabet"; "Lessons in Russian: The Alphabet, etc."; "Lessons in Russian: Regular Verb, its Conjugations and Aspects"; "Key to Lessons in Russian," all by M. B. Karrachy-Smitt; and various standard Russian exercise and copy books.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

CARADOC EVANS.

TALL, gaunt of face, with high cheek bones and eyes usually half closed, Mr. Caradoc Evans looks a strange kind of alien, and is what he looks. D. G. Rossetti and Joseph Conrad show scarcely a more foreign cast of mind. Yet the author of "My People" and "Capel Sion" is of pure British stock and born in Carmarthenshire. But for an early family misfortune, he might have developed into an ordinary capable English-speaking Welshman of the professional class. But his father died young, and his mother, being left with little money and five infants to bring up, settled on a small farm, belonging to the family, in the upland moors between Cardigan Bay and Avon Teify.

Here dwelt a race of farm labourers, with minds emptied of the traditional culture of ancient Wales and secluded, by language, from the influences of modern civilisation. Their leaders appear methodically to have discouraged them from learning English, for fear they should be tempted by high wages and the spirit of adventure to go away to the coal-mining district, and become socialists of the revolutionary school. In their ignorance, so it seems to have been thought, was an assurance of future bliss for them, and a present assurance of abundant cheap labour for the farmers.

The farmers, with some of the shop-keepers, exercised over the labouring class a theocratic as well as an economic rule. They were the chief men in the various churches, and generally the minister, over whom they had various means of influence, sided with them. Mr. Caradoc Evans was from boyhood a fierce rebel against the bitter and grinding system of middle-class tyranny. This may partly have been due to the fact that his mother, by reason of her decline from comfort to penury almost, fell under the ban of the religious body to which she belonged. Like many other widow women, she was assessed to contribute to the treasury of the chapel. Lacking the money and having a heavy burden of young children, she would not pay, and was, according to custom, treated as an outcast.

All that Mr. Evans has written is, I think, directly inspired by this event. Brooding indignation, however, does not in itself give a man a genius for expression. The art of Mr. Caradoc Evans seems to me to be closely connected with a practically unknown movement in modern British literature. The best Welsh verse of our day is never or seldom published. For it comes from the outcasts of the theocratic society—from brilliant wastrels and sombre, defeated revolters in obscure hamlets. Chief among the poets of this order is the Rev. Thomas Benjamin, an old and broken man, who promised to be a master of eloquence but failed in his religious career, either from too stubborn and independent a character or from too errant a way of life. He became the most famous of Welsh satirists, and spread his bitter verses by reciting them by the firesides of houses and in the hayfields, where he was made welcome.

Caradoc Evans sat, from childhood, at the feet of the mendicant poet, who used to come to his mother's house for milk, butter and other food, and declaim the latest of his works. The boy clearly caught the satirist's spirit, for I have been told by older neighbours that he soon showed as much gift for character drawing as his master. His speciality was dialogue. Without naming or describing the persons whose conversation he invented, he could set the room laughing with the vividness and keenness of his improvisations. Though he makes nobody laugh now, he uses the same method as he did when a boy.

At the age of twelve he had something violent to say, and the energy of character to reach the larger audience he desired. He then knew no more English than did Benjamin—which was something less than a sentence. As his well-to-do kinsmen offered no help, he left home and took a position in a draper's shop in Carmarthen, where he stayed until he could speak colloquial English. He then went to Cardiff and later to London, still earning a famishing livelihood as a draper's assistant, and after studying in evening classes, boldly adventured in Fleet Street as an apprentice sub-editor. I had the happiness of meeting him in his apprenticeship and seeing him suddenly become a master. We worked side by side on a sub-editor's table, and though he was a careful and improving hand at the routine business of make-up, as a writer he was at first deplorable. He was dogged and reticent, and some months must have passed before I, who shared matches, tobacco and loose cash with him, discovered the amazing source of all his difficulties. He thought and composed in Welsh, and then translated into English. Only when he could mechanically put in some slab of journalese, was he saved the worry of wildly roundabout composition.

Mr. Caradoc Evans.

A volcano capped with ice—that is how I came to regard him, with great joy in my discovery. He gave me some of his translations of his Welsh peasant stories, and asked me, somewhat in the way a Chelsea art student might approach Augustus John, to smooth out the English versions. I saw at once he was the Augustus John of our literature, and I the art student. His extraordinary style was naturally arrived at. There was only one good book in English of which a Welsh version was easily obtained. This was the Bible. Mr. Evans worked into the English language by using the Jacobean Bible as a study and the Welsh Bible as a key. It was a coincidence that the diction he thus curiously elaborated was peculiarly suited to his subject matter. He had intended to open with a novel of the miseries of London shop life, bitterly socialistic in feeling and realistic in intention, and might have composed it in modern slang and majestic old English.

Happily, he felt the difficulty, and turned to the scenes of his early life, freshened in his mind by annual holiday visits. He was absolutely unconscious of the value of his work, and would not believe me when I said it would be a literary crime to allow any one to take the strange colour out of his style and iron it down into commonplace English. It was not until the editor of the *English Review* took his tales and asked for more that he became confident, and settled down tranquilly to the use of the unique instrument he had forged. It was a new world that he revealed to the English-speaking races — a sombre, horrible world of callous savagery and grim hypocrisy. It may be only one side of the picture—there may be another and a happier side, but his outlook has been bounded by his personal experiences. He might have produced a more popular effect had he been less reticent in regard to the expression of his own emotions. But in pure literary effect, his concision and condensed power gave his first little work a monumental quality. Moreover, the moral and political influence of "My People" caused a stirring of the waters throughout Wales. Were it not that the great war has temporarily obscured all our political and social differences, Mr. Caradoc Evans might have become the leader of a revolt of deeper range than the syndicalist movement in the Welsh coal-fields. Now, however, by the establishment of a minimum agricultural wage, the great Welsh statesman has done something to mitigate the economic servitude of the oppressed class of his own people, and it is possible that if the new scheme of national education is so designed as to introduce modern culture and modern thought and modern science in the Welsh-speaking Wales, the theocratic system of the villages will slowly dissolve. In the meantime, Mr. Caradoc Evans stands, to my view, as one of the most remarkable figures in the younger generation of British novelists. I cannot tell what further he will achieve, but I know there will be an element of greatness in it. His energy of imagination is intense and the difficulties he continually encounters, in mastering his new medium of expression, serve only to make his art more original. What works in the Welsh language he might write, if only there were a sufficient literary public among his people, who let Benjamin starve, to enable Caradoc Evans to live by writing in his mother-tongue!

Edward Wright.

THE READER.

SOME RUSSIAN NOVELISTS.

By George Sampson.

INTO a famous Paris salon, in 1821, a messenger came bringing the news of Napoleon's death. "What an event!" exclaimed one of the guests. "It is no longer an event," replied Talleyrand, "it is only a piece of news." Many things in life, once events, dwindle into mere occurrences. Even books are not exempt. When we are young a great book is a great event; when we are past youth it is merely something new. The important fact about the sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," is not that Chapman's Homer is a great book, but that Keats was young; else his reading would have gone unsonneted. When Hazlitt relates with enthusiastic relish of detail how, on the 10th of April, 1798, he sat down to a volume of the "New Heloise" at the inn at Llangollen, the important fact is not the book, and not the concomitant cold chicken and bottle of sherry, but the date; for it was his birthday, and he was twenty. Keats and Hazlitt are starry names; yet what is true of them is true also of the "supplemental asteroids," the nameless many whose joy it is to love books heartily and wholesomely. To me certain Russian novels are so associated with the thrill of youth and discovery, that merely to open one is to beget that golden time again. I was nineteen, just convalescent after my first acquaintance with influenza, eager for reading and plenty of it. Your true bookish convalescent wants not merely something to read, but something to read at, something substantial enough to be a bulwark against those age-long hours of bed. Scanning a library catalogue for intimations, I lit upon a long list of translations from the Russian—Tolstoi, Turgenieff, and Dostoieffsky—so the spelling ran in those days, and launched out into that unknown sea. It was then, too, that I read my first Balzac. Altogether, a wonder-time of discovery, when books were events and not merely something new! Of the two less familiar Russians I was entirely ignorant; of Tolstoy I had vaguely heard—Matthew Arnold, for instance, had written of him (with rather surprising sympathy) on the strength of certain French versions. Translations into mere English had left Matthew Arnold unaware of Tolstoy's existence — there is a certain type of Englishman who never knows anything till it is told him in a foreign language. I read some fifteen or twenty of the available Russian novels with eager interest, and with such understanding as my youth permitted; for it is a tribute to the unflinching truth and sincerity of these great stories to say that the very young cannot appreciate them. The emotional climaxes of "Crime and Punishment" may impress even the inexperienced; the epic grandeur of "War and Peace" may carry away any who are old enough to enjoy a tale of battles long ago; but there is so much else that quite escapes the young. Youth does not know enough to understand the tales of Chekhov. Indeed, those of any age who go to books for nothing but the sentimental illusion must let the greater Russians alone.

In those days we had the Walter Scott edition of Tolstoy. Turgenev was issued, I think, by Chatto or Ward, Lock. Dostoyevsky was published by Vizetelly, whose imprisonment for circulating translations of Zola remains an unanswerable proof of our national hypocrisy. Some of these pioneer issues had an air of being partial and casual. It was a great gain that any translations should exist; it was a pity that they were not more worthy. Some, I think, must have been translated at second hand from the French; some were rendered in the detestable fashion that studs the pages with words in aboriginal Russian and translates them in footnotes. Some, if the bull be permitted, were not translated at all and had to be read in French. Soon, however, facilities multiplied. The Free Age Press began its popular issue of the Tolstoy stories and essays, most of which were presently translated much better by Aylmer Maude. Mrs. Garnett's famous version of Turgenev appeared. Two publishers competed (instead of co-operating) in translations of Tolstoy, and of course had to abandon the enterprise, leaving the field open for an American edition in twenty-four volumes. What a pity

Nikolai Gogol
(1809-1852).

"Gogol wrote at his 'Dead Souls' for eight years. Everything that he did 'straight off' was crude."—Letter from Dostoevsky to his brother Michael in "Letters of Fyodor Dostoevsky to his Family and Friends" (Chatto & Windus.)

XUM

Fyodor Dostoevsky
(1821-1881).

"Lately I was ill and read Dostoevsky's 'House of the Dead.' I have read much, and forgotten much; but I do not know in all modern literature, Pushkin included, any better book."—Letter from Tolstoy, quoted in "Letters of Fyodor Dostoevsky to his Family and Friends" (Chatto & Windus), from which this portrait is reproduced, here and on our cover, by permission of the publishers.

it is that some intelligent union of publishers did not assume collectively such a big responsibility. I suggest that the Oxford University Press should now undertake it. Cannot Mr. Nevill Forbes and Sir Paul Vinogradoff persuade the Delegates to rise to a great occasion? There are already enough good versions by Mrs. Garnett and Mr. Aylmer Maude to make an excellent beginning. Surely a great university like Oxford could not to-day more nobly justify its existence than by issuing the first worthy and complete translation of one who is not only the greatest of Russian writers, but a supremely great figure in the history of human thought! To circulate among the people translations of the world's great books, modern as well as ancient, seems to me essentially a function of universities. A university should be a centre of public enlightenment; to the donnish mind a university is still a cloister. A university should be the home of intellectual courage; it is usually the home of intellectual timidity, where the rule of life is not to be courageous but to be correct. The universities should be the leaders of progress; yet look at the members of Parliament they return! In particular, Oxford and Cambridge, the most ancient and renowned of English universities, should feel it their delight and privilege, as well as their duty, to radiate sweetness and light throughout the whole nation. As it is, all that Oxford and Cambridge contribute to the general happiness is the Boat Race. The digression is, I fear, unpardonable; but I still insist that Oxford should give us a national translation of Tolstoy.[1]

It is not necessary to cite in detail all the books that appeared during the awakening of interest in Russia just before the war—versions of Gorky[2] and Chekhov, Maurice Baring's "Landmarks in Russian Literature,"[3] and so forth. Nor need we say much about the books of semi-political interest, some of them, no doubt, influentially inspired. The Revolution has not merely put them out of date; it has put them out of existence, except as warnings. They are as dead as last year's *Old Moore's Almanack*. The weighty persons who were in the confidence of ministers, and had access to the back doors of ambassadors (to say nothing of those who claimed to know the intimate soul of Russia) told us precisely nothing at all. My own knowledge of Russian extends little further than a precarious acquaintance with the alphabet; but I could hardly have known less about Russia than the alleged experts. Readers who had confined their attention merely to the translated fiction were far more ready for the fall of autocracy than all the solemn contributors to all the monthly reviews for years past.

The war has naturally revived our interest in the older writers and brought us into knowledge of the newer. "Everyman" has a capital and thoroughly representative selection of novels by Tolstoy, Turgenev and Dostoyevsky, and promises more in happier days. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton publish an excellent cheap series called "Great Russian Fiction," containing many treasures new and old.[4] I hope they will continue it. The great translation of Dostoyevsky is still in

[1] Since this was written I learn that Messrs. J. M. Dent have in hand an important new edition of Tolstoy's works. Further details will be awaited with great interest.

[2] "Twenty-six Men and a Girl." By Maxim Gorky. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)—"Foma Gordyeeff." By Maxim Gorky.—"The Outcasts." By Maxim Gorky.—"Three of Them." By Maxim Gorky. 1s. net each. (Fisher Unwin.)

[3] "Landmarks in Russian Literature." 6s. net. (Methuen.)

[4] "Comrades." By Maxim Gorky.—"The Little Angel." By L. N. Andreyev.—"Chelkash." By Maxim Gorky.—"The Heart of a Russian." By M. Y. Lermontov.—"On the Eve." By Ivan Turgenev.—"The Captain's Daughter." By Pushkin.—"The Abyss." By Goncharov. 2s. 6d. net or 1s. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

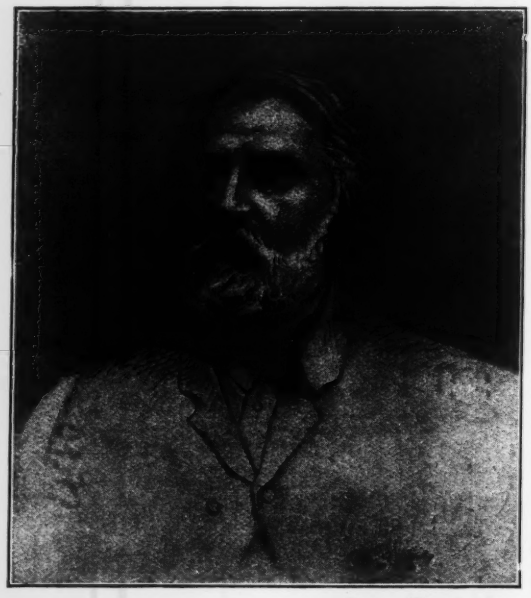
Dostoevsky's Birthplace.
The Workhouse Hospital at Moscow.

From "Letters of Fyodor Dostoevsky to his Family and Friends" (Chatto & Windus).

progress.[5] Chekhov was already represented in Messrs. Duckworth's list[6]; but now a new and complete translation of his stories by the invaluable Mrs. Garnett is appearing among the delightful little volumes of the St. Martin's Library.[7] Mrs. Garnett, whose industry compels me to believe that she is not a woman but a syndicate, has here surpassed herself. Let those who wish to know how beautiful a translation may be turn to "The Duel" in Volume II. and read the description of the thunderstorm. From other quarters we are beginning to get the successors of Chekhov. Mr. Secker has given us several volumes of Sologub[8] and Artzibashev.[9] Messrs. Constable have a Russian Library containing volumes of Kuprin, Sologub, and others.[10] Messrs. Maunsel have turned from one disthressful country to another, and initiated a Modern Russian Library with several highly interesting volumes.[11] Mention, too, should be made of a very useful and readable book, "Contemporary Russian Novelists," by Serge Persky.[12]

The latest and most striking addition to the English reader's Russian library is the first volume of Tolstoy's "Diaries," just issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent.[13] Possibly the most interesting revelation it makes is the fact that there is no revelation. In other words, there is no new Tolstoy to know. Tolstoy was Tolstoy from the very beginning. I pointed out in these columns a few years ago that too much importance need not be attached to Tolstoy's celebrated "conversion," simply because he was "converting" through the whole of his long manhood. If conversion means anything, it means a change, a turn in a new direction. But in Tolstoy there is no change, no sudden turn. From "The Cossacks" to "Resurrection" he is essentially the same man. Here in the pages of the present volume, written between his nineteenth and twenty-fourth years, we see him diligently seeking after God, speculating upon the whole duty of man, and struggling, with bitter self-reproaches, against his besetting sins of vanity, gaming and sensuality. Consider such utterances as these: "That is bad for me which is bad for others; that is good for me which is good for others." "Satisfaction of my personal needs is good only in proportion as it may contribute towards the good of my neighbour." "The desire of the flesh is personal good; the desire of the soul is the good of others." "Punishment is injustice. It is not possible for man to determine retribution." They are sentences that might have come from the religious writings of his old age; they come from the diaries of his youth, written before he had published a single line. Whatever else the Diary may show, it proves the homogeneity of a dedicated life. It describes the novitiate, not so much of a novelist, as of an evangelist. In this record of spiritual failures set down with all the noble humility of a saint, we are startled suddenly by such a sentence as this: "There is something in me which forces me to believe that I was not born to be as other men are." This was written when he was twenty-two. Verily men are called of God now as in the days of Samuel! The Diary has other aspects. We have glimpses of the empty and mischievous life led by a young man endowed with rank and wealth. We see a little, too, of the coming author. "Have I a talent" (he writes) "to be compared with that of our modern Russian *littérateurs*? Assuredly I have not." Well, if hard work would give it him he meant to acquire it, for his first sketches of "Childhood, Boyhood and Youth" were written laboriously, cancelled, re-written, cancelled again, and yet a third time written. There are some brief and delightful vignettes of Caucasian scenes and characters; but, generally, the interest of the Diary is personal. It has its moments of monotony—how should such intense self-scrutiny escape them?—but it is throughout a precious and inspiring document, a lesson and encouragement to all who read it in the right spirit:

"Not in their brightness, but their earthly stains
Are the true seed vouchsafed to earthly eyes.
Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace;
So we move heavenward with averted face,
Scared into faith by warning of sin's pains;
And Saints are lower'd, that the world may rise."



Ivan Turgenev
(1818-1883).

"I know very well that I don't write as well as Turgenev; still, the difference is not really so great, and I hope in time to write quite as well as he does. Why do I, then, in my need, allow myself to get only 100 roubles a sheet, while Turgenev, who has 2,000 serfs, gets 400 roubles? I am poor, and so must write in greater haste and for money; consequently I have to spoil everything I do."—From Dostoevsky to his brother Michael, in 1859. From "Letters of Fyodor Dostoevsky to his Family and Friends" (Chatto & Windus).

[5] "The Novels of Dostoevsky." Translated by Constance Garnett. 9 vols. 4s. 6d. net each. (Heinemann.)

[6] "Plays." 2 vols. 5s. net each.—"Tales." 2 vols. 2s. 6d. net each. (Duckworth.)

[7] "The Tales of Tchehov." 4 vols. 2s. net each. (Chatto & Windus.)

[8] "The Old House."—"The Little Demon."—"The Created Legend." By Feodor Sologub. 6s. each. (Martin Secker.)

[9] "Sanine."—"Breaking Point."—"The Millionaire."—"Tales of the Revolution." By Michael Artzibashev. 6s. each. (Martin Secker.)

[10] "A Slav Soul." By Alex. Kuprin. 5s. net.—"The Sweet Scented Name." By Fedor Sologub. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

[11] "Anton Tchekov, and Other Essays." By Leon Shestov. 3s. 6d. net.—"Pages from the Journal of an Author." By Dostoevsky. 2s. 6d. net.—"The River of Life." By Alexander Kuprin. 3s. 6d. net.—"The Bet, and Other Stories." By Anton Tchekov. Translated by J. M. Murry and S. S. Koteliansky. 3s. 6d. net.—"With a Diploma." By V. I. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Translated by W. J. Stanton-Pyper. 3s. 6d. net.—"The Pale Horse." By V. Ropshin. Translated by Z. Vengerova. 3s. net. (Maunsel.)

[12] "Contemporary Russian Novelists." By Serge Persky. Translated by Frederick Eisemann. 3s. 6d. net. (Palmer & Hayward.)

[13] "The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy." Translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth and A. Sirnis. Vol. I. (1847–1852). 5s. net. (Dent.)

II

In Chekhov's tales the characters read Tolstoy; in Artzibashev's they read Chekhov; and no doubt, in circles where the millennium is daily being planned, young Russia reads Artzibashev. And so it goes on. The Russian novelists seem to be as intensely Russian as Dickens is English or Burns Scottish. How have they contributed to the Revolution? What intimations of the great change can we find in those who have depicted not only a people but a place and a spirit? The father of literary nationalism is undoubtedly Gogol (1809–1852), whose satire on serfdom in his novel, "Dead Souls,"[14] and on bureaucracy in his comedy, "The Inspector-General,"[15] contributed much to the public education. Satire is a slow solvent, but a certain. Gogol's broad, good-natured humour may have had no other conscious purpose than itself; but laughter is a terrible weapon, more deadly than argument. You begin by laughing at a powerful institution, and you end by laughing it out of existence. Laughter beguiles even its ultimate victims. The Emperor and the Court laughed at the mock inspector, whose exploits resembled those of the Koepenick captain, famous in our days, just as the French nobles in 1784 had laughed at "The Marriage of Figaro"; and now the Tsar is as obsolete as the Most Christian King.

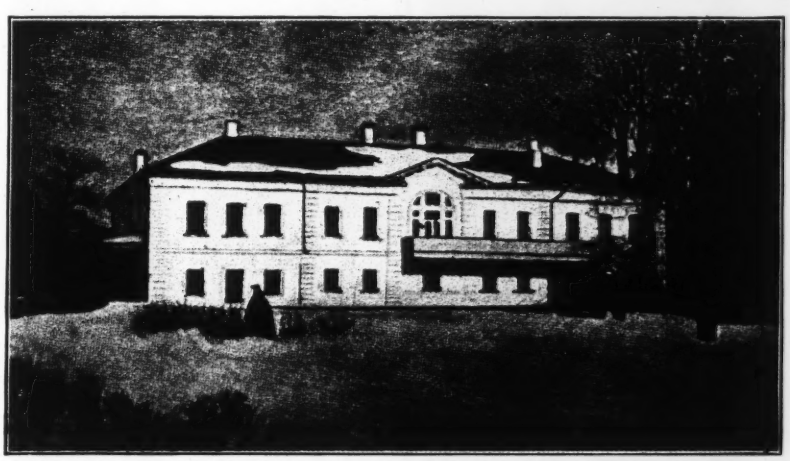
The greatest of all influences upon Russia, the influence of Tolstoy, has been largely indirect. Whatever Tolstoy taught directly, it was certainly not Revolution. Of course a personality so powerful joined with an art so persuasive cannot leave humanity unaltered. Tolstoy has shaken the whole civilised world, and with it his own native country. But on the surface his direct teaching was the very opposite of subversive. What he seemed to inculcate was not subversion but submission. Yet here again we see how indirection finds direction out. If you preach non-resistance to the evils of society, a few may think about non-resistance, but many more will think about the evils. Let the audience of such preaching be some millions of apathetic souls who have learned through age-long habit to suffer

[14] "Dead Souls." By Nikolai Gogol. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)
[15] "The Inspector General." Translated with an Introduction and Notes by Arthur A. Sykes. 1s. 3d. net. (Walter Scott.)

Leo Tolstoy
(1828-1910).

evil without hope; startle them with what seems to be the paradox of non-resistance; and what you really do is to show them suddenly all the wrongs they have been enduring. The result is more likely to be revolution than resignation. Life, said Tolstoy to his countrymen, is so full of evil that nothing but good can overcome it; and he illustrated his teaching in those magically simple stories whose beauty comes home to the bosom of the humble and exalted alike. Russia listened to these parables and marked their meaning. A few agreed that evil may be overcome by good; but most agreed that there was much obvious evil to be overcome somehow. And so Tolstoy's doctrine of submission and the revolutionist's doctrine of subversion met as extremes will. Tolstoy, like his Master, came not to bring peace, but a sword.

Turgenev, that Russian of the Boulevards, invented the word nihilism and gave us, in Bazarov, the first nihilist; but his nihilism has no connection with the nihilism of countless melodramas. Turgenev was in no possible sense a revolutionist, and only unconsciously a reformer. As much as any man he helped to give serfdom its death-blow; but he did not write with any deliberate purpose. His sketches bear out the æsthetic doctrine of Browning's "Lippo Lippi," that art makes us aware of what we have passed a hundred times without notice. Turgenev drew his vignettes of country life with an artist's detachment. His sketches are as objective as any art can be. He held no brief for serf against owner. He belonged himself to the owning class. To him the serfs and the owners were part of the landscape, and he drew them as such; yet from him



Yasnaya Polyana,
Where Tolstoy was born.

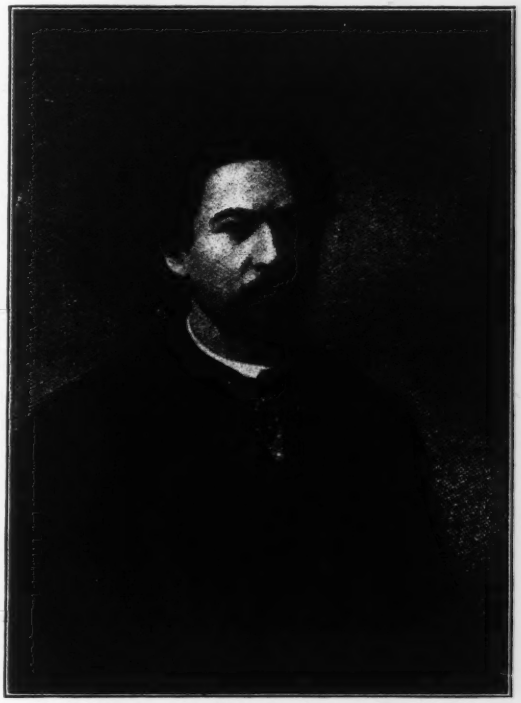
people suddenly realised what owning and being owned meant. He did not exaggerate or choose exceptional and revolting cases. His very quietness is part of his power. Not every serf-girl was whipped to death to gratify the obscene cruelty of a master and his guests. Serfs were sometimes, perhaps quite rarely, the objects of lust or brutality; but they were nearly always the objects of something even worse, namely, indifference; and the effect of this was purely evil to all concerned. People repent of cruelty; they do not repent of indifference, because the essence of indifference is negation and unconsciousness. Being a slave is bad; but owning a slave is worse. Slavery is an institution that needs for its justification a height of nobility in the owners that humanity has never reached. Indeed, the institution cancels itself out; for the only people fit to own slaves are those to whom slave-owning would be intolerable. What revolts us in Turgenev's stories is not positive inhumanity but the negation of humanity, the terrible indifference of the owners, and the terrible indifference of the owned. Read such a story as "Mumu." Its pathos is almost intolerable, but there is nowhere in it any heightening of the colours, no deliberate bid for tears. The autocratic mistress (who might have been Turgenev's own mother) is drawn with sympathy and understanding; yet the drowning of the poor serf's dog, the one thing upon which the big inarticulate giant could lavish his affection, leaves the reader in such a fury that he becomes the implacable foe of all autocrats whatsoever, no matter how benevolent. The true reformers are not those who confer some long-withheld liberty, but those who teach a nation to demand it. In this sense Turgenev, whose polished art is the antithesis of pamphleteering, is a real reformer. He wrote serfdom out of existence.

Dostoyevsky is important in the history of Russian liberty less for what he wrote than for what he suffered. He was the living embodiment of autocracy's blind brutality. For an alleged political offence he, the most harmless and innocent of men, was imprisoned, subjected to the frightful ordeal of a mock execution, and then transported to Siberia. The story of that ghastly death-parade told with such moving simplicity by Myshkin in "The Idiot," and the poignantly quiet narrative of prison life in "The House of the Dead" stand as perpetual indictments of official iniquity. Had these stories been mere fiction, they must have had their effect; but young Russia read them with the deeper indignation, knowing that in this way the best-beloved of novelists, so full of pity for the afflicted and distressed, had himself suffered. Dostoyevsky was broken by his martyrdom. The letter he wrote begging for pardon is a painful document, indicating what ravages official cruelty can work upon a tender soul. In his later years, Dostoyevsky was so intensely national that he was prepared to defend even the crimes of Russia because they were Russian; but we are not bound to admire the lapses of a wrecked and tortured genius. The best of him remains. Let us read his testimony with the thought that in England to-day we have people indistinguishable in intention from the brutes who wrought their worst upon the author of "Poor Folk."

The tales of Chekhov are supreme examples of artistic detachment. Dostoyevsky has been styled, in that easy way of labels, the great Russian realist. But the title is not good. What he certainly can be called is the greatest of emotionalists. No one I have read has approached him in the power of depicting great and transforming emotional crises. Such scenes as the kissing of Sonya's foot and the silent vigil of Myshkin and Ragozhin in the room where Nastasya lies dead are no more realism than the murder of Duncan or the agonies of Lear. I understand by a realist one who depicts life in its beauty, its plainness, its drabness or its ugliness, as the case may be, without heightening or subduing the colours for any artistic or didactic purpose. From this point of view Chekhov seems to me the complete realist. He has no preference, like some alleged realists, for the dung-heap or the slaughter-house or the asylum. He is not obsessed by nastiness. He does not write as if he had a grievance against man or destiny. He is never sentimental; but then he is never cynical or sardonic. There is nowhere in his stories any attempt to thrill, to horrify, to startle, or to astonish. His tales are not pamphlets, indictments or judgments, nor are they studies in confetti, orange-blossom and iced wedding-cake. He writes with the serene impartiality of an all-seeing and unimpassioned observer, for whom life has no shocks or surprises, and to whom the polite fictions and conventional hypocrisies of existence have become transparent. No doubt many people may find his stories unpleasing. We still want to be deceived about life, and consequently the book-shops are crammed with amiable volumes in which all the world's a musical comedy stage and all the men and women merely a beauty chorus. But we occasionally need some one to tell the truth. The average man clings with painful anachronism to the illusions of his immaturity or else loses them and becomes angrily disillusioned. In the mists of morning St. Pancras Station may look like a cathedral; but it is not a cathedral, and we are foolish if we insist on praying in it, or on hating it because we were deceived. St. Pancras, for all its sacred name, is a failure as a cathedral, but it is quite a good station. Chekhov does not look for sacraments in a terminus or for trains in a cathedral. He is neither illusioned or disillusioned; he is simply without illusions. And what astounding wealth and variety there are in his apparently artless art! You read, say, a story like "Ionitch," describing the life of a doctor, from his first eager lovesick youth to his avaricious apoplectic maturity; you see the tragedy of a young girl who forswears love because she thinks she is a great pianist, and, disillusioned, asks too late for the love she scorned; you see a whole family with striking and amusing characteristics grow old before your eyes; and you are astonished to find that it has all been done in twenty-seven pages. "The Black Monk," a most remarkable story, compasses the tragedy of a brilliant intellect gradually collapsing into madness and wrecking other lives in its downfall. The story is on the highest plane of imaginative invention, and is told with a wealth of detail and description; yet it is less than fifty pages long.

What, then, can this detached and unimpassioned artist tell us about the Russia that is being born again? Directly he says nothing; indirectly he says much.

Consider the criticism of mere tinkerings with the evils of poverty and overwork placed in the mouth of the anonymous person who tells "An Artist's Story." Consider the strong implacable sanity of the zoologist Van Koren's view of life, and the plea for faith and spirit made by the deacon in "The Duel." Consider what a picture of the gracious and benevolent aristocrat he draws in "The Princess"—but consider, on the other side, what a picture he draws of a modern factory in "A Doctor's Visit." From the mouths of Chekhov's characters you can collect a varying but vital criticism of modern life. The Russia of Chekhov is Russia shaping for a change.



Anton Tchekoff.

From 'Plays," by Anton Tchekoff (Duckworth).

Kuprin, like Turgenev, was a reformer without meaning it. His story, "The Duel," written with no conscious purpose, described certain aspects of military life so vividly that public opinion was aroused, and Kuprin found himself the centre of embarrassing admiration. He has some affinity with Chekhov, in his frankness and serenity. "Captain Ribnikov," a most engrossing story of a Japanese spy, contains as its climax a situation which a Frenchman would have described with too much gusto, and which an Englishman would either have sentimentalised or giggled over as "schoking"; but Kuprin, with that curiously simple Russian gravity, takes it calmly as part of the ordinary facts. He illustrates here the quality noted thirty years ago by Matthew Arnold as characteristic of the Russian writers. The Russian artist, says Arnold, "finds relief to his sensitiveness in letting his perceptions have perfectly free play, and in recording their reports with perfect fidelity. The sincereness with which the reports are given has even something childlike and touching." The characters of Kuprin seem later than those of Chekhov: they are more nearly on the eve of change. Teternikov, who writes under the name of Sologub, is a very retiring and industrious author who has been called the successor of Chekhov. His people are the Russians of to-day, the Russians of unrest, rendered with an artist's sense of poetry and atmosphere. Almost the only writer who seems politically unimportant is Maxim Gorky, who has taken to politics.

In Artzibashev you come to what may be called the Russia of revolt. His stories, called here "Tales of the Revolution," are documents in madness, the madness of a people goaded into violence by hunger, poverty, and brutality. Most of them are incidents in the rising of workmen some years ago, and their lesson is surely too plain to be misunderstood even by politicians. His most popular book, "Sanine," is a symptom of unrest—a general description applying, indeed, to half a century of Russian fiction. From Rudine to Sanine there is a long line of characters all of the same type—futile, melancholy, thwarted, frustrated, all like people caught and held by invisible bonds. Some are resigned, some struggle with varying efforts, but with a sense that there is no use in struggling. They are cruel to themselves and to each other. They are like ill-managed children who whimper or quarrel through sheer boredom or irritation. Natural conditions explain something, but not all; for it is the gift of civilised man that he can surmount the hardships of nature. The Russia that emerges from the descriptions of its writers is a land of endless and consuming spaces, of vast, monotonous birch-forests, of damp autumnal airs, of long, dark, icy winters broken by the torrents of spring. It is a land of recent slavery, of Asiatic origin and instincts, not yet deeply touched by its two centuries of European contact. All this, of course, produces its own type of man. But there is something else. The Russian people are held in the chilling grasp of a dead hand. They live as men forbid. Conceive a poetic and intelligent people perpetually restrained in mind, their reading censored, their writing curbed, their science suspected, their freedom of thought repressed, their very bodily existence moving in the trammels of passport, police and bureau, everywhere before them the symbols of "Thou shalt not"—how can such a people become other than the baffled, ineffective, self-torturing heroes of Turgenev and Chekhov, unless, indeed, they become like the insurgent characters of Kuzmine and Artzibashev, forswearing all restraint, the anarchists of morality, ultra-Nietzscheans, trying "to live dangerously," and claiming the utmost licence of personal conduct? Wheresoever there is Autocracy, there also is Anarchy. They are correlatives. The Dictator is father of the Destroyer. Even the children feel the curse. The English schoolboy in his later teens is no pure and innocent saint, I know; but his healthy life of daily sport and exercise, and his double sense of freedom with responsibility, and responsibility in freedom, combine to make him something vastly wholesomer now and in his future manhood than the troubled Volodya of Chekhov, hating his daily existence of home and of school, burning with lust, struggling for ever against something unknown, and attaining freedom at last by a pistol shot. Such are the children of Autocracy.

But now there is at least hope. Whatever may happen Russia can never go back to all it was before. The present at its worst is better than the past. An

eruption of violence is nobler than a degrading acquiescence in servitude. In nations, as in individuals, rude energy denotes the vigour of life, and stillness the torpor of death. Russia is now certainly alive:

> "See a disenchanted nation
> Spring like day from desolation;
> To Truth its state is dedicate,
> And Freedom leads it forth."

Freedom, like other noble abstractions, may mean many things; but at least we are sure of some of the things it doesn't mean. Freedom is incompatible with Tsars, Kaisers, and all other Mythological Majesties whatsoever, with their train of Repression, Suppression, and Extinction. Just as professional boxers cannot live without seeking opportunities for public contests, so these anointed uniform-fillers cannot exist without creating uses for all the infernal apparatus of war that surrounds them from the cradle to the grave. A free state of responsible citizens has no more to do with such humbugs of frightfulness as silver helmets and tin breastplates than it has with the frizzed and painted masks of savage chiefs. Where these are the emblems of state there can be no freedom as sensible men understand it. Freedom means health and health means freedom; that is the wholesome circle of life. It is the lesson of history and of prophecy. Especially is it the lesson of the great writers we have been considering, prophets, some of them, in the noblest sense.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1917.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric. Imitations and paraphrases are inadmissible.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best poem on War in not more than twelve lines, the poem being entirely composed of lines selected from standard English poets; not more than one line should be taken from each and the names of the poets should be given, thus:

"Your fate is but the common fate of all" (*Longfellow*).
"Unmingled joys here to no man befall" (*Southwell*).

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE for the best lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Vivien Ford, of 12, Priory Road, Tyndall's Park, Bristol, and to Joyce Jones, of Pinehurst, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, for the following:

AUTUMN IN FLANDERS.

Dawn rises chill
Above a desolate, shell-shattered hill:
The humid, pearly skies
Are misty as a mother's eyes
Who grieves
Over her gallant dead,
Britons, Bavarians and French,
Brown head by golden head,
Like drifted leaves
In a vast squandered heap.
They are no longer foes
But sleep
Together in one bloody, sodden trench
In a strange brotherhood of deep repose;
And we, no less,
Feeling no more the summer heat
Of passion, shiver in the cold
Sharp clutch of weariness.
It is October,
And we (God help us!) have grown old
And tragically sober.

VIVIEN FORD.

A MOSAIC.

The level sweep, star-studded, overhead
Of Heaven's carpet, purple-blue, outspread:
Dim palaces with slim white arms upflung
To stay the song the evening star has sung,
With flush of rose upon their finger-tips,
The last faint memory of the sun's fierce lips.
The gleam of lamps set high in silent walls,
A furtive footstep where the shadow falls,
The clack of hoofs upon the cobbled way,
The drone of prayer and chant from cloister grey;
A beam of light through tavern door ajar
The sound of careless laughter borne afar,
And, farther distant still, a burst of song
Drop't from brave lips that will not suffer long.
By trembling hands a silken curtain drawn,
An anxious woman watching for the Dawn. . . .

Yet over all a stillness till it seems
This is the home of all men's dead cold dreams.

* * * * *

Then Dawn below the horizon sounds his call,
Weaving his splendid magic over all.
And, as he conquers Night in golden strife,
The city seems the Heart of Youth's own Life.

JOYCE JONES.

We also select for printing:

IN WANDSWORTH ROAD.

In "Wandsworth Road"—down Sailly way,
An aching Stretcher-Bearer bends,
To staunch the wound, that down a grey,
Dull, sunken face its ribbon sends.
"If we could take him o'er the top,
The M.O. might just pull him through."
(Tzing!) "Curse! This shrapnel puts a stop
To such a plan: to-night must do."
In truth, it's difficult to tell
Just what to do, in such a Hell
As "Wandsworth Road."

In Wandsworth Road, beside a pram,
A white-faced woman leans and sways,
And gazes at a telegram,
And tries to gather what it says.
"An' so 'e's killed—that means 'e won't
Come back no more—come back no more.
And 'im so strong—oh no, it don't
Seem possible—and me so poor."
In truth, it's hard to understand
All kinds of things that God has planned
For Wandsworth Road.

(J. Shirley, 73, Rectory Grove, Clapham, S.W.)

AT CROCKHAM HILL

Full-grown autumn-height of bracken round us 'neath the Kentish pines;
Faintest haze across the valley—weald of corn and dark-green bines.
You and I on Crockham Common as the misty day declines.
You and I! What more? All love songs—all Love's fame and poetry—
Drop the trappings, strip the wrappings—
What is left but Thee and Me?

Thousand years of old-world's story, and a future thousand years.
Glowing vision of past sunsets, bursting music of new spheres—
Eros ever young, past love-play to new Love's desire endears.
Love revives 'mid Kentish hop-fields words grown old in Tripoli.
Drop the trappings, strip the wrappings—
Love's word-magic? Thee and Me!

Queen Astarte, rose-decked, gem-braced, proud with crescent moon for crown—
Passioned, deathless voice from Lesbos—no Leucadian surge could drown—
Haidee of the lonely island; Veronese Juliet's renown—
Ship of pearl and stair of ivory, rose betrellised balcony—
Drop the trappings, strip the wrappings,
Passion's heart?—Still Thee and Me!

Life is Love! for once, for ever, here and now is paradise.
All the old world on your lips and all the future in your eyes.
Love is Life. Learned with past ages, flushed with mighty prophecies—
Memories of the Eden twilight—visions of the Jasper Sea—
Drop the trappings, strip the wrappings,
What is Life but Thee and Me?

(W. H. Fooster, 29, Canonbury Grove, Canonbury, London, N.1.)

From the very large number of lyrics received we select for special commendation those by Howard D. Smith (Birmingham), Minna Browning (Cheltenham), Egbert Sandford (Saltash), Eileen Newton (Whitby), Lilian Holmes (Charing), L. O. Palmer (London, W.), V. Mathews (London, W.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), R. A. H. Goodyear (Scarborough), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Winifred Barrows (Parkstone), F. H. G. Burton (Sheffield), V. M. Murphy (Tamerton Foliott), Dolly Payne (Knutsford), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Birkdale), G. R. Glasgow (Kensington), E. R. L. (Durham), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Katherine Foley (Salisbury), Gipsy Scott Foster (Southsea), D. H. Colbourne (Leamington Spa), M. A. Ruck (Kenilworth), Helen W. Paton (Rathkenny), Lily Gordon Ascher (Kensington), J. H. Arnett (Regina, Sask.), A. Burton (Hanwell), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Gwladys Wintour (Guernsey), Sedgwick Barnard (Prestwich), Elizabeth Holmes (Ormskirk), L. B. L. (Windsor), Campbell Roper (Winchester), Rosie Speight (Leeds), M. Troughton (London, N.W.), J. Gwyn James (Goodwick), Gertrude J. S. Fleming (Glasgow), Bevan Dawes (Birkdale), Frank Brebner, junr. (Edinburgh), Marjorie Crosbie (Barnes), F. J. Thomas (Aberfan), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Alice Wise (Leicester), Delphine Stringer (Cromer), Margaret Robinson (Hunstanton), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), John Boyne (Glasgow), F. C. Loveday (Woodford Wells), E. A. Scrutton (Newport), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Margaret Barker (Great Yarmouth), Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesbrough), Clare C. M. Wayland (Leytonstone), John Wayne (Leighton Buzzard), Ronald Pelham (Charing Cross), William Kerr (Stirling), Kathleen A. Brainsbridge (Kidderminster), Percival Hale Coke (Scarborough), Corporal C. W. Kent (Redcar), K. M. Murphy (Tulla), Joyce O'Dwyer (Milnthorpe), Arthur Thrush (Winchester), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), P. J. O'Brien (Rathgar), William C. Pocock (Bristol), Frank Lester (Sidcup), J. H. M. (Twickenham), Eric

From a drawing in colour by F. H. Townsend.

Cover design

from Mrs. Barclay's new novel, "The White Ladies of Worcester" (Putnams).

Antony (London, S.W.), J. E. Parsons (Oxford), Helena Campbell (Letchworth), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Pauline Marshall Hill, of 22, Priory Place, Doncaster, for the following:

THE CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG MAN.
BY GEORGE MOORE. (Heinemann.)

"The padre said, 'Whatever have you been and gone and done?'"
GILBERT, *Gentle Alice Brown* (*Bab Ballads*).

We also select for printing:

A GIRL WITH MONEY. BY FLORENCE WARDEN. (Ward, Lock.)

"Your worth is very dear in my regard."
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice, Act I., Sc. 1.*

(Dorothy E. Butcher, 52, Donkin Terrace, North Shields, Northumberland.)

KEEP IN THE BUNCH. BY HENRY EVERARD. (Holden & Hardingham.)

"In dismal dumps he lived to own
The folly of trying to swarm alone."
W. S. GILBERT, *Songs of a Savoyard.*

(Charles Powell, 33, Clyde Road, West Didsbury, Manchester.)

AS CHANCE WOULD HAVE IT. BY MARY F. RAPHAEL. (Duckworth.)

"A bonnet close beside a hat
Was sitting on a gate."
F. LANGBRIDGE, *Courtship.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

ZELLA SEES HERSELF. BY E. M. DELAFIELD. (Heinemann.)

"Give me that glass and therein will I read—
No deeper wrinkles yet?"
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II.*

(M. A. Lotz, 41, Lingfield Road, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best lines to a soldier returning home on leave is awarded to J. Shirley, of 73, Rectory Grove, Clapham, S.W., for the following:

LINES TO A SOLDIER RETURNING HOME ON LEAVE.

I shall not ask you of that land
From whence you come, dear lad, to-day—
Your eyes, I know, would seem to say,
"God grant you ne'er may understand."

But, when the glad hour brings you here,
The pathway of the past we'll climb,
And gazing o'er the hills of Time
Live in the dreams of yesteryear.

We specially commend the verses sent in by H. H. Mytton (Wolverhampton), S. A. Keen (Loftus), V. Huish (Derby), Ada L. Strike (Worthing), C. E. Ransom (Torquay), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), J. Brown Young (Burntisland), Phyllis M. Carver (Birmingham), A. W. Sims (Somerset), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), E. C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Private Robert Bodker (Woolwich), Sissie Hunter (Chesterfield), F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Geo. A. Venn (Sheffield), Delphine Stringer (Cromer), Bessie Clough (Norwich).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Lucy Chamberlaine, of Plas Brith, Llandudno, for the following:

THE CANDID COURTSHIP. BY MADGE MEARS. (Bodley Head.)

The extreme candour of this courtship—having as a *mise en scène* a typical London boarding-house—at first blinds us to its many admirable qualities, to the fact that a new note in love-stories has been definitely struck. A difficult theme is cleverly handled while the character-drawing alone lifts it above the average. Of these one shines out as a brilliant achievement—the woman-type of the eternal feminine—as old as Circe—who forms the connecting thread in this human tangle so nearly verging on tragedy. The dialogue is peculiarly natural—and interest holds us curious to the end.

We also select for printing:

EARTH OF CUALANN. BY JOSEPH CAMPBELL. (Maunsel.)

That beautiful district which comprises South Dublin and North Wicklow is the subject of this book of poems. It is not, however, the glow of its gorse nor the flash of its streams in the sunshine that illumines these pages, but the Celtic twilight of prehistoric glory with which the region is invested. In form the poems may be plain goblets indeed, but they contain wine to stir the imagination of every poetry reader, therein differing from the bulk of modern verse where the goblet is richly wrought but empty. The drawings by the author really illustrate the poems.

(F. Blake Kelly, 16, St. Joseph's Avenue, Drumcondra, Dublin.)

THE RATTLESNAKE. BY KATHARINE TYNAN. (Ward, Lock.)

The *motif* of this delightful story is that of the strong helping the weak, regardless of all personal risk. Although full of sensation, there is a welcome absence of any gruesome element, and the love interest is decidedly subordinate to the incident, which holds one till the last page. The Rattlesnake, despite his brutality, possesses a curious and serpent-like fascination which he can exercise both for evil and for good, since his spell drives one woman to madness, and another to recovery. The "spy" hint is not developed, but the story is so charming that one cannot regret it.

(J. Swinscow, 2, Culverden Gardens, Tunbridge Wells.)

THE STUDENTS' GUIDE.
BY PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS.
(University of London Press.)

This book, written by a student for students, abounds in practical common sense and in valuable suggestions. It is of a kind that will appeal to those who honestly want to "make the most" of their minds, because the style is friendly and sympathetic, and all the hints are given in a tactful manner which makes them doubly welcome. The chapters on specific points are invaluable, as they are the work of an expert who has full knowledge and understanding of the needs of beginners, and, at the same time, is in full sympathy with those for whom he writes.

(J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Chas. H. Barker (Clapham), M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), Elsie M. Meredith (Bideford), Charles Louis Clare (Yokohama), R. W. King (Catford), A. Eleanor Pennington (Exeter), Vincent Hamson (Bedford), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Nancy Sanguinetti (Hemel Hempstead), Isobel MacIlravey (Newton Stewart), Iris Barry (Chelsea), May Dunne (Glenageary), G. E. Wakerley (W. Bridport), J. T. Sturges (Walton-by-Clevedon), W. G. Elles (Cambridge), M. Bond (Stockwell), Frederick Willmer (Ramsay), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Kathleen Blyth, of St. Joseph's Secondary Schools, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool, Durham.

A VISION OF PEACE.*

By Arthur Edward Waite.

THERE are some of us who still remember the deep impression created by "The New Antigone," though I believe that it was first published anonymously. There are some of us who remember, in and about those days, certain—not numerous—articles of singular acuteness which appeared over the signature of Dr. William Barry in one or other of the leading monthly reviews. They were of that period which followed the Belfast Address and were a criticism of scientific doctrine connected with and belonging to the school of which Professor Tyndall was a mouthpiece and his address a kind of encyclical. It is for the main part abandoned at this day, because the school and its successors are variable. Dr. Barry had a keen insight into its final values when it shone a fashion in speculation, the "little system" of a season. Since then he has been known to us, as if nearer at hand, by that remarkable volume called "Heralds of Revolt," which all who have read remember. It embraces aspects of European literature from Goethe to Nietzsche. There is a sense in which several of his previous books, and especially the last mentioned, have a bearing on the causes of the war, to which however they were antecedent, some of them by many years, I have been grateful to him on many occasions for signal intimations which he has given us from high eminences in the world of thought, and now he has written a work no longer merely bearing, and that at a distance, on the causes of the war, but unfolding those "roots of anarchy," things on the surface and things below the surface, which have led up through generations and centuries to Prussia as it is—an evolution of one essence and one spirit throughout. Within a volume of moderate dimensions he has given us also a masterly summary of the war itself and an aid to discernment on our own part whether the future before us is to be in Divine Light or Kultur, in the freedom of the Sons of God or under the Germanic yoke.

Dr. William Barry.

Something is said at the beginning by way of apology for "adding another book to the literature of the war." One is thankful for works of this kind, and for this above all, so utterly catholic in the catholic sense of the word, a good book with a great horizon, and written—as the dedication says—with hope undismayed. It is not mere history but a living and ordered pageant, very often expressed in lyrical prose, having that matter of poetry which belongs to inspiration in writing, whatever the form assumed. In a word, it is nobly planned, carried forward with sweeping force, and it reaches the term triumphantly in the general conviction which it commands on the reader's part. The simple presentation of causes and the marshalling of events, far more than particular pleading on the author's part, produce of themselves that "historical defence of the Allies" which Dr. Barry has set out to furnish. It is "world's debate" indeed and a strong indictment, proceeding from the beginning of things, the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648 and the rise of that "new Power" which was Prussia under Albert of Brandenburg, Master of the Teutonic Knights. The next stage of the story is of him who was once miscalled "a mystic on the Prussian Throne," otherwise Frederick the Great; and thence it draws forward through his line of unspeakable successors, important only "in the degree by which they have carried out his plans, attempting to do with and for Europe that which he had done with and for Prussia." So far it is the story of an upward march to a particular kind of greatness, but a story also of serf and master, and onward from the Thirty Years' War it is "a record of shame and horror perhaps unexampled in the misery thus inflicted age after age, and with appeal to divine right for its warrant, on men so tamed . . . that they . . . would kill themselves to escape more anguish." So far—and thereafter it is the same spirit, actuated by the same ends and using the same weapons, "sharpened to a needle's point," for the completion of the work on Europe in the days and the years which have followed on August 1st, 1914. The delineation of it all—the conception, evolution and final issue of the plot against the world and man, against all that is of God therein—is Dr. Barry's gift to the generations after the war. I believe that it will be with them when he and I have been called to an account of our stewardship.

And now as to that which he sees from his own place of contemplation. Well, he sees and sounds with a tocsin note the doom of predatory empires, that age of the world which is signified by many names—Autocracy, Capital, Competition, Exclusive Markets, Annexations. And within those, as that which is leaven of them all, or was in its own day, Material Science. But this is not so much going as gone—except in the spirit which it has left, not so much doomed as dead. At the very least, Dr. Barry, amidst the present thunder of artillery, has heard, as we also hear, its passing bell. He looks, as we look, to that not distant time when it will be laid in the same grave with the thing called German

* "The World's Debate: An Historical Defence of the Allies." By William Barry. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Philosophy—I would add, with the comparative religion which has glasses but not eyes, and the folk-lore of the mud. The true priest is a seer also, and the true seer is one who communicates vision to those who have capacity for sight. Some of us therefore are able to look with him and to see also the dissolution of autocratic principles, the coming of democracy into its own, but democracy enlightened and purified. *Et plebs tua laetabitur in Te.* A thousand tyrants have trodden the democracy and its rights to earth. A thousand times it has appealed in carnage. There remains a revolution which is to come, in light and not in blood. *Qui tenet nunc teneat donec de medio fiat.* But that which will be taken out of the way is that which will die of itself, or rather pass and change, when another reason reigns in the heart and head, and one in which God is the Sovereign Ruler. Yes, it is faithful and true: the grace of God alone—as Dr. Barry says in his best manner—brings nature to perfection and fulfils the natural man, till he reaches that state when he is "Transfigured with Christ on Tabor." Then it is the Vision of Peace—and hence the words of my title—that which has been beheld from afar on many heights of dream, in many foretastes of realisation. But the one Name in which the gates of attainment have been opened to man is Christ, however truly He is met with under veils of other terms.

I have used a qualifying adjective once in the course of this article when I spoke of that general agreement which Dr. Barry's thesis commands. There are subsidiary points, which are not of the defence at large, about which opinions will differ. We have to remember that he is a priest of the Latin Church, a born Catholic. He tells us, in one of those personal notes which are very pleasant incidental lights there and here in his pages, that he grew up in an environment which was at the antipodes of his own faith, but the fact has served to enroot rather than divert him, as it would have diverted many. We know at once therefore all that for which he stands and the centre from which he looks. He is assured, for example, with Cardinal Gibbons, that "the definition of Papal Infallibility did more to rescue the Church from the dominion of the State than anything in modern history." The illustrious prelate and enlightened priest may be right on the point of fact, for the Supreme Pontiff was raised by this definition above all that is called human, whether in State or Church. But was it "a long stage in advance towards realising the ideals of Christian Democracy"? It depends on the point of view. I do not see on my own part how an unerring dictator on doctrine offers a democratic guarantee. It seems to me *nihil ad rem*, if I may put the point so plainly to one whose dialectical skill in the arena of debate would far exceed my own. The Pope within his own sphere is above both *senatus* and *populus*, above Emperor and King, and all competitions or comparisons. As it happens, the teaching infallibility offers no pledge of wisdom in policy or the ways of the world, and the history of the papacy *post* 1870 will be for some of us as a light of value on this saving clause. It comes about then that here we must agree to differ: there would be only one course open even to conditional agreement. It is the same with the Temporal Power. Dr. Barry was in Rome on September 19th, 1870, when the Piedmontese troops were outside St. John's Gate and when Pius IX. ascended the Scala Santa on his knees. That, as he says, was the last time when the City beheld its Pope. And what is Dr. Barry's verdict on the question? "A seclusion of now nearly half a century has shown to Europe the inflexible conviction of the Holy See that a great public wrong" was done on the day following, "and that it must be righted." On September 20th the Italian standards floated from the Capitol. Dr. Barry says epigramatically: "Rome had once conquered Italy. Now Italy had conquered Rome." I should have thought that the Temporal Power is the last thing which a real and discerning friend of the Latin Church would wish restored to the Papacy. I desire above all things that Church and People "should arrive at a common understanding," that "all ways should meet" at the Golden Milestone, "and the nations of the earth be gathered as a Holy Roman People." But the Church will have come into its own in that day, and such patrimony is not of Papal States, but of the spirit which is Christ, the grace behind the sacraments, the meanings behind the letter. Dr. Barry in his last words—very beautiful and pregnant—affirms that "our Prometheus shall at last be unbound." Yes, it is the word—unbound. Am I so far removed from the heart of his desire, who can say that the desire is mine, and I a Christian mystic who loves the letter of doctrine only for that behind it in which the letter dissolves? In the day of unbinding we shall forgive the Vatican Decree of 1870, the tale of many past pontificates. And the Pope shall come out of prison.

New Books.

A BRIEF FOR RUSSIA.*

There is in the Russian language a proverb of peculiar significance to-day: "Love me when I am dirty; everybody will love me when I am clean." Russia is no longer Our Great Ally, no longer The Steam Roller, no longer this or that embodiment of a fantastic optimism. On the contrary, our illustrated newspapers, with indecent haste, are publishing photographs of Russian infantry in the very act of desertion. It is well, then, that at such a moment voices should be heard who speak for Russia, not with the old highfalutin praise, but with discernment and at the same time confidence.

Mr. Harry de Windt, in his pleasant breezy manner which cloaks becomingly so much first hand experience throughout the length and breadth of the Russian Empire,

* "Russia as I Know It." By Harry de Windt. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"Russian Realities and Problems." Edited by J. D. Duff. 5s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)—"Russia in Revolution." By Stinton Jones. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"Scenes of Russian Court Life." Edited by the Grand Duke Nicholas. 15s. net. (Jarrold.)—"The Diary of a Russian Lady." Reminiscences of Barbara Doukhovskoy (*née* Princesse Galitzine.) 12s. 6d. net. (John Long.)

has, in his latest book, two excellent chapters which one may well recommend to the traducers of the Russian people. In the first of these, "The Cossack," he cites the verdict of one of the ablest military critics of Europe on this nomad cavalry:

"The Japanese faced this terrible attack only once, and after that never stopped to meet it. In the present war the 'lava' has been used very often and with the greatest success, especially in Poland, for the heavy German cavalry was never able to open its front quickly enough to meet the sudden 'lava' of the Cossacks."

In the chapter devoted to the army, Mr. de Windt reminds us of an incident near Plevna, in the Russo-Turkish War, when it became necessary to move some field pieces across a swamp. No wood being at hand, volunteers were called for from the Russian infantry, who responded immediately and lay down while batteries galloped over their bodies that were so soon to become corpses. Such was the old Russian discipline, illustrated by hundreds of historic examples, and it is unimaginable that it should be lost for ever in the hour of emancipation and liberty.

The contributors to "Russian Realities and Problems," edited by Mr. J. D. Duff, came to this country from Russia to deliver lectures in English which form the present volume. Paul Miliukov, Peter Struve, A. Lappo-Danilevsky and Roman Dmowski are all well known in their own country, while the fifth contributor, Mr. Harold Williams, though an Englishman, is an accepted authority on the ethnography of the Russian people. One and all are firm in their belief in the Russians; one and all are, in spite of appearances, confident in the Russian future. M. Struve has long maintained that Russia must develop on economic lines similar to those of the United States, and quotes with approval these words of an American economist:

"Russia and America are the two wings, so to speak, of the great movement in economic development, which originated in Western Europe a little over a century ago, and thence has spread eastward and westward. They both borrowed from this centre the new technical equipment of machinery and power for production and transportation, and adapted it to their similar needs."

But for M. Struve, economist though he is, there is something beyond the new technical equipment of machinery in the life of a nation. "I, at any rate," he assures us, "am firmly convinced that the production of souls of a good quality is the most lucrative national manufacture." The limitations of space prevent my dealing more fully with this admirable little volume. It demands the concentrated attention of any English reader who is directly or indirectly interested in the problems of Russia which are so swiftly becoming the problems of the world.

"Russia in Revolution" is an impression of all the turmoil and seething contradictions of Petrograd. The author knows better than to register his guess at the resultant of all these opposing forces. He sees soldiers and workers and Jews and socialists, nihilists and royalists and police all clamouring simultaneously their respective readings of the Sybil's book. One and all seem to detect bloodshed and yet more bloodshed within the heart of Russia. "It would be quite in keeping with the Russian character, however," concludes Mr. Stinton Jones, "if her salvation eventually lay in the cry that rescued France from chaos upwards of a century ago when the whole of Europe was thundering at her gates: 'The country is in danger!'"

That cry might well have come, as one is reminded in "Scenes of Russian Court Life," from Russian lips more than a century ago. It is the correspondence of Alexander I. with his sister Catherine, who wrote to her brother on September 3rd, 1812: "Moscow is taken. Some things are unaccountable. Don't forget your resolve, 'No peace,' and you have still the hope of regaining your honour." There was no peace then with dishonour, and one refuses to believe that there can be any now.

Naturally in the "Diary of a Russian Lady" it is the personal rather than the national note that finds utterance. Impressions of travel, impressions of society, observation of men and things, everything almost but the divination of the New Russia that was so soon to cast off its slough. "There are griefs," she writes, at the end of this animated volume, "that are too deep to speak of, and too secret for pen and ink. I end my remembrances by these sad words: '*Sic transit gloria mundi.*'" The cynic of the old school will accept these words, not as the epitaph of a life but of a nationality. The old Russia has gone and the new is not yet moulded. But the Russian character is not of such recent date that one should too easily lose faith in Russia. They burnt Moscow in 1812 to save Russia; they will not shrink from anything equally stupendous now that the invaders are repeating the same savage lesson of history. But the enemy is within as well as without, and the hours run dark for Russia. It is in such hours, however, that one should, most of all, lend ear to those who, in the deepest and most universal sense, believe in that Russia "who can exist without any one of us, but without whom no one of us can exist."

J. A. T. Lloyd.

THE SOUL OF A BISHOP.*

Since the late lamented Bishop Proudie, bishops have been hardly more popular than castles and queens on the chess-board of the post-Victorian novelist. Pawns and knights are more often moved. Mr. Wells, however, has put his hand upon an episcopal hero for what he calls "a novel (with just a little love in it) about conscience and religion and the real troubles of life." It is as nearly a failure as anything he has written—a double failure, indeed, for it is a story and also a bit of propaganda, and in either aspect it misses the mark.

The story tells of Bishop Scrope, who found his diocese of Princhester in the Midlands too much for him when war broke out. He was suddenly jerked out of his conventional religion into a disbelief in the Church, upon which, under the influence of a mysterious drug, he at last found courage to act. A wealthy young widow proposed to endow a new temple for him, but he refused, and the book ends with Scrope and his family in lodgings in London. At first there is promise of vitality in the book. The episcopal life is drawn with some humour, and as few of

* "The Soul of a Bishop." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Cassell.)

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. H. G. Wells.**

his readers will know any more than he does about bishops' palaces, Mr. Wells has scope for his human interests and detail. Lady Sunderbund, with her American inability to pronounce the letter "r," makes a useful foil to the poor bishop. She is the living woman in the book. But gradually the dramatic interest trickles into the sand. The reader discovers, to his amazement, that for the first time probably in the case of any book by Mr. Wells, he is tempted to skip pages as well as paragraphs.

These dry patches are usually the propaganda. The novelist as "a keen amateur theologian" is again much in evidence. The Church ought to have prevented the war; that is the thesis of the book. Mr. Wells puts the blame of the war sometimes on monarchy, sometimes on human weakness—one of the best pieces in the book is on page 292, the analysis of this coddling temper. But ultimately it is due to the indifference of the Church in Europe to the Kingdom of God. "The sin of this war lies with men like myself," says the bishop to his daughter, "men who set up to tell people about God, more than it lies with any other class." The daughter suggests kings, diplomatists, and financiers. "Yes. Those men could only work mischief in the world because the priests and teachers let them. All things human lie at last at the door of the priest and teacher." In criticism like this there is more than a grain of truth. But Mr. Wells does not seek to bring back the Church to its forgotten principles. He does not mean that priests and teachers should regain the reason for their existence and recollect that the Church is not a political or social institution. The obstacle is the Church itself, with its creeds. Again we have the tirade against the Athanasian theology, and the naïve assumption that the "Golden Bough" has upset the sacramental system. Again we have the notion that the Church should give place to the Kingdom of God as the supreme aim on earth. But this Kingdom turns out to be no more than a vague, cosmopolitan glow. Lady Sunderbund cannot pronounce the first letter of the word "religion," and the airy notion that any Kingdom of God, which ignores the problem of sin, is superior to Christianity, prompts the reader to recall Voltaire's caustic remark about Huet's theological system: "N'a trouvé aucun partisan, tout absurde qu'il est." Such will be the fortune of Mr. Wells's new religion. A religion based on the first stanza of Pope's "Universal Prayer" would never stop any war in the world, and that is the sort of religion which seems advocated in this book. It is hardly worth while, perhaps, to criticise seriously some of the positions maintained in the novel. So far as they are positive, they are inaccurate. But the negative criticisms of conventional Christianity might well be read by members of the Anglican Church, even though, as Mr. Wells does not appear to realise, they have been urged already, and far more cogently, by authorities of that Church.

The propaganda part of the book has an incoherent earnestness about it, which would be more impressive if one felt that Mr. Wells knew a Church when he saw it. The story is trodden out of shape by the hurrying feet of the propagandist; it sends one back to Robert Elsmere, who put up a better fight against his doubts and who at any rate ended by doing something practical outside the Church, instead of maundering over a gas-fire in his bedroom, when the real peace-making of the world was being carried out by men like the lover of the ex-bishop's daughter, in the trenches of France and Flanders.

JAMES MOFFATT.

FRENCH VERSE AND ENGLISH VERSIONS.*

The practice of printing foreign literature and English translations on opposite pages of the same volume would seem to be coming more and more into vogue; and, while a certain discomfort for the reader is entailed, especially if he be unmethodical or of vacillating temperament, the advantages are more than compensatory. Many who have been too busy or too idle to "keep up their classics" must bless the name of Loeb, and many who have sufficient French to feel but not sufficient truly to appreciate the charm of the most alluring of modern literatures will be grateful to those who, like Mr. Flint and Mr. Bodkin, have the courage to confront translation with original.

Mr. Bodkin, who, in a handsome limited edition, offers us twenty-seven versions from twenty modern, mostly living, French poets, sets forth in his preface the theory of translation on which he has worked. "My efforts," he says, "have been devoted to making poems that will read as though they were spontaneously planned in English, that will convey the exact significance of the original and that will reproduce as far as is possible the metre, the verse form, the rhyme scheme, and the assonance of their models." This is an ambitious endeavour. Usually the translator chooses whether he will be barely literal or freely interpretative: he gives us either the letter, trusting the reader to reconstruct the spirit therefrom, or the spirit (so far as he is able) without handicapping himself by a too reverent regard for the letter. Mr. Bodkin would give us both; but, as he admits, his ideal is an exigent one and closely limits his choice of originals. Obviously there are large numbers of poems which could not conceivably be translated in the way he wishes, and the available number is further reduced by the limitations of his own ingenuity. He has, he tells us, had to reject much that he would like to have included.

It is a pity that he set himself so rigid a standard; for, while he has been led to include a number of pieces which are not very interesting, his achieved translations cannot in most cases be called more than workmanlike. He has cramped himself for an ideal, but his involuntary lapses from that ideal are not infrequent. In the first poem in the book, for instance, Hérold's "La Flute Amère de l'Automne," the rhyming of the first and third lines of the four-line stanzas is an intrinsic part of the effect, but Mr. Bodkin ignores it:

> "Ah, no songs that could charm us
> In the Autumn remain.
> Will tear-startled eyes laugh
> Ever again?"

does not reproduce exactly either the meaning, the structure or the savour of

> "Ah, les chansons qui nous charment
> Ne reviendront pas dans l'automne.
> Verrai-je rire désormais
> Vos yeux que les larmes étonnent?"

Again,

> "My mind said to my heart: We go
> Into a snare, for all I know,
>
> "And all our efforts made to fly
> Away from her, but draw us nigh,"

is scarcely an adequate rendering of

> "Mon âme dit à mon coeur: Sais-je
> Moi-même, que nous veut ce piège,
>
> "D'être présents bien qu'exilés,
> Encore que loin en allés?"

But to reproduce the nuance of Verlaine has proved beyond the power of men with more of the stuff of poetry in them and more practice in the art than Mr. Bodkin. The version of Régnier's "Le Vase," on the other hand, is a *tour de force* which deserves all the admiration bestowed on it by the poet himself; and in a few other instances the translator has been wholly successful, as in this from Charles Guérin, which is both as faithful and as easy as could be desired:

> "Who reads my former verses finds
> A simple vein of poetry,
> That, here and there, unhindered, winds
> Like a blue streamlet to the sea.

* "May It Please Your Lordships: Reproductions of Modern French Poems." By Thomas Bodkin. 6s. net. (Maunsel & Co.).—"The Closed Door." By Jean de Bosschère. Illustrated by the Author. With a Translation by F. S. Flint and an Introduction by May Sinclair. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

"From out my heart I let it go
Gently its natural course to glide,
And there was freshness in its flow
And there was freedom in its tide.

"I was untroubled by the care
Of fashioning the perfect phrase.
Indeed, indeed, I wish I were
An unspoiled poet nowadays."

The legal mind cannot forgo its joke, so Mr. Bodkin, who is a barrister, calls his book "May it Please Your Lordships." To some "The Closed Door" by M. Jean de Bosschère, one of the Belgian writers whom the war has brought to our shores, may seem a joke from beginning to end, and perhaps not a very good one. It is more than that, however, though whether it is all that Miss May Sinclair in an enthusiastic preface claims it to be is open to question. Perhaps in a few years M. de Bosschère will be acknowledged a great artist; perhaps not. Experience warns the cautious critic not to decide these questions off-hand.

M. de Bosschère is certainly interesting and as certainly difficult to place. Miss Sinclair objects to our calling him a symbolist, though she seems rather inclined to narrow the definition of symbolism in order to exclude him. The precise label we tie round his neck, however, matters little. M. de Bosschère is one of those artists who, with an idea as a starting-point, weave variations thereon capriciously, without troubling too much about the relation of the ultimate result to the original idea or even about its precise relation to accepted significances. They are frequent among musicians; less common among graphic artists (Piranesi, Goya, Beardsley); rarest, and only of recent occurrence, among poets. M. de Bosschère comes within both the latter categories. There is much in common between his drawings and his poetry. There is vitality, humour and occasional grace in both, while in both, though far the more frequently in the drawings, it is sometimes difficult to discern either merit or meaning. His attitude towards life is aristocratic. This is especially clear in the three poems of "The Closed Door" itself—there are four groups, each of three poems, in his book—in which he figures as a cynical and super-civilised Zarathustra. Elsewhere his meanings are darker, and it is hard to know whether one is reading caprice or parable. But there is a constant outcrop of charm. M. de Bosschère has an evident sense both of the visibly beautiful and of the visibly significant. If, as his admirers assert, he is also a mystic, really sees things *sub specie aeternitatis*, he prefers to see them through the monocle of a dandiacal, supercilious, perhaps rather cantankerous individualism.

Mr. Flint has turned the French *vers libre* into English with almost perfect success. That here and there some brightness and freshness should be lost was inevitable; but if we are not given the grape with its bloom untarnished we at any rate get good raisin and no spoiled fruit.

Francis Bickley.

PIERROT AND PIERRETTE.*

Mr. Harold Brighouse is full of surprises. After delighting two hemispheres with his admirable play, "Hobson's Choice," and the novel founded thereon, he now makes a bid for popularity in quite a different medium. In his many plays plot has counted for little; characterisation being supreme. And perhaps to show that the study of Lancashire types by no means absorbs his energies he now gives us a novel with a metropolitan and south-coast setting. "Fossie for Short" may best be described as a fantastic comedy. Ronald Clibran desired to study music in Paris. But his father had other views. He insisted upon Clare College, Cambridge, as a prelude to an office chair in his own large manufacturing business. Ronald reluctantly gave Cambridge a chance, but it failed him. He was sent down. On his way home to the ancestral mansion the lad fell in with a London waif, Jane Smith, of the mature age of ten, whom he straightway adopted. Such a quixotic proceeding did not help to smooth matters in the paternal eyes. Clibran Senior, in the approved way of the heavy father, promptly drew a cheque for one hundred pounds, and indicated the door. Ronald took his dismissal with a light heart. At the age of twenty-one the future offered few problems. Jane Smith, whom her benefactor christened Euphrosyne, or "Fossie" for short, was placed at school for two years, and then Ronald set himself to contemplate the universe. Eventually he drifted into the underworld of the theatre, and finally emerged as a member of the troupe known as Piggott's Perfect Pierrots, in which he was joined by the child of his adoption. Henceforth the two were Pierrot and Pierrette, and they lived much in a world of make-believe.

"We hold the mirror up to nature, and before you can read things in a mirror you have to twist them strangely, as I twisted that writing. It's a place where the wrongest things ring right and the falsest tales are true. It's a land of topsy-turvy, where nothing ever happens as it ought to do, and the one safe rule is that if you are natural you will seem unnatural. If you do the right thing, you'll be wrong. It's like a dream, Fossie, and things happen backwards. And it's the maddest, gayest, mixed-up place on earth. It's all pretence and sham, and it's a noble lie. Our words are lies, our gestures, faces, movements lie, and by the lie we hypnotise the world. . . . It is ours, Fossie, ours by reason of our lie to madden men and gladden men, to make them see themselves as others see them, to hide or to reveal, to find excuses or to make an accusation, to whip them with our gibes, or cure heart-sickness with our tenderness, to bring the hopeless back to hope, to make the cynic sweet and the sinner repent his sin. . . ."

The reader may be left to make first acquaintance with Ronald's encounter with the preposterous stockbroker, Geoffrey Sarbitter, who insists on providing for him under the mistaken belief that his life has been saved by the pierrot; and the story of the brief love episode with Dorothy Platt may be left untold. If one or two of the characters appear somewhat shadowy—as may well be in a fantasy—such a charge cannot be levelled against Daisy Montague, the musical comedy girl with a heart of gold, and the fat comedian, Bill Piggott. These characters ring true. And Fossie herself is wholly delightful. One might perhaps have liked to know whether Ronald achieved that fame with his songs for which his soul yearned, but that after all is a detail.

If the story is of the airiest character, so the writing is appropriate to the matter—smart, witty and humorous. It is all glorious fun, and bubbles over with high spirits. One must not, of course, judge the story by ordinary critical standards, but if you take Mr. Brighouse's fantasy in the right spirit the book will prove a sheer delight. It is, moreover, just the thing for these strenuous times, and one could wish for more like it.

Tinsley Pratt.

* "Fossie for Short." By Harold Brighouse. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

STUDIES IN LITERATURE.*

When enthusiasm fails, and beauty palls, and the "vanity of vanities" mood creeps over the mind, decay, disguised as wisdom, is approaching. If this spectre of disillusion appears to a critic, his finest days of criticism are past; instead of encouraging and heartening others by praising their best, he will slowly reverse the process, and dishearten them by condemning their worst—which is sometimes salutary, occasionally wise, but distressing when it is made a rule.

The furrowed brow of an ill mind will never be worn, we believe, by Mr. Mais, for he sweeps the landscape of literature with vivid searchlights of enthusiasm, and, fixing them here and there confidently, picks out the objects that attract his own attention, and talks about them volubly. They are not invariably the objects that his readers, critical or complaisant, would select; in fact, we feel that he is rather in a hurry to ascend the platform

* "From Shakespeare to O. Henry: Studies in Literature." By S. P. B. Mais. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

as an illuminator of literature. He has read extensively, but a wide range of reading must square with an exceptional depth of thought if one claims the privilege of instructing others. In addition to describing the view, a competent guide must interpret it by some proved standard. Thus when, in his essay on the modern novel, Mr. Mais asserts that realists are "terrified" by the "mud and dirt" and unsightliness of life, he is blundering. The realist is by no means terrified by ugly things; he is tremendously interested in them. A haste which leads to careless thinking and poor writing lessens the value of this book. The author takes the "brusque business man" as an illustration of a certain point he wishes to make: "as a type—he doesn't exist at all except in our brains," we are told; yet the very act of accepting him "as a type" proves most conclusively that he exists in large numbers. Mr. Mais expresses joy that Meredith's "intellectual obscurity" has vanished from the modern novel, and on another page quotes from the "Essay on Comedy" with glowing approbation; and in his paper on Thomas Hardy he discovers beauties that most readers of Hardy have discovered for themselves. Not every vision is a revelation. If one is thrilled, it does not follow that one is inspired.

If, as there seems reason to believe, Mr. Mais is intent upon climbing to the onerous position of literary critic, the question of his style demands some consideration. Pronounced judgments upon the work of other men should be neither pompous nor flippant; there is a happy realm between the two extremes where we may find established many critics whose austerity is tempered by humour, whose geniality never degenerates into smartness, who never mistake the mere description of an author's work for their real and grave duty of exposition. Their constant care to be lucid, to be just, has evolved styles so definite that unsigned passages from their pens bear full evidence of personality. This effect is not attained by hasty throwing together of "impressions," and we may in all friendliness (for sound critics are wanted) beg Mr. Mais to read his own essays again and again before finally passing them as the best he can do. We are so sure that he can do better. He might well avoid the worn-out phrase, such as "worthy scion of a great house," "a noteworthy feature of his genius," and so on. And the attempt at the chatty, familiar manner is risky. Henry James could use the "I" with perfect grace and lack of offence; not all of us are so happily gifted. "I've expressed that badly"; "facile versifiers abound; I am one of them"; "I've watched the progress of this young poet"; "I cannot conceive that I am here giving you anything that you do not already know better than I do" (is Mr. Mais lecturing or writing?); "first I would very shortly commend to your notice. . . ." Of the possible solution to the mystery of evil, the author says: "Now in the first place it is quite likely that there isn't one; it doesn't seem to me to matter if there isn't." What seems to us to matter is that Mr. Mais must pull himself together sharply and avoid such disastrous interludes. Those things may be lawful, but they are not expedient in critical work, although in the conversational essay on lighter themes they may charm if handled with due discretion. It may be that Mr. Mais is "even now uncontrollably on the way to style," as Henry James once put it. We hope so, indeed, for in his very freshness there is a charm which we would see fixed and reinforced by a more responsible method of expression.

In his essay entitled "Some Modern Poets" Mr. Mais, quoting many well-known lyrics and verses, has some good pages that do truly enlighten his subject. It is really a review, but it is an excellent review, dealing opportunely with much of the best work of the younger school of poetry. "Our poets," says the author, "are our real national leaders":

> "They alone can express all those desires which we feel but are unable to articulate; if our poets are false to us, then indeed are we decadent. From 1913 to 1915 at any rate we may be thankful that they have led us fearlessly, put fresh vitality and renewed energy into our hopes and helped us once more to try to wrest life's secret from her."

In the following essay, "Some More Modern Poets," a place is found for a few examples from work, hitherto unpublished, by three boys who passed under Mr. Mais's care as a schoolmaster—one of them Alec Waugh. Some of the poems are astonishingly good, considering the youth of the writers. Modestly enough Mr. Mais says: "To me as an individual they owe less than nothing; to the books I put into their hands, more than they will ever acknowledge." But we dare assert that Mr. Mais was doing some of his best work in training the minds of these young men to appreciate beauty, and to love what is finest and truest in epic and song. That he will be able to continue this work, we hope sincerely; and we hope no less sincerely that in the written word he will strive to attain that balance of judgment, fineness of touch, dignity of phrase, and accuracy, which will tend to place him well in train with the masters of English criticism.

Wilfrid L. Randell.

WAR—AND REPOSE.*

Novel writing nowadays, for fun, fame or profit, must certainly be more difficult than in the far-away days of peace. Pressing is the need of the tonic atmosphere of dream worlds. Most of us, at times, feel the need of a way of escape to regions where remain the simple things that are so permanent that they run their roots through the world into the heavens beneath. Novelists who can nowadays thrill us into temporary forgetfulness of the price the nation is paying for its soul, are surely doing a national service.

The antinomy of the times spells repose, and expressing a purely personal taste, I do not welcome machine-made sensation in my fiction. The warring elements that are normal to life can be nothing short of restful, when seen mentally against the background of violence, abnormal and world-wide. Whether it be the clash of intellectual differences about woman's status, or the existence of life after the death of the body, or the pugilistic adventures of a rich and "sporty" young man at a loose end—all the interest and excitement such clashings portend can rest us to-day by contrast with the mighty struggle of the nations.

In spite of its title, "Troublers of the Peace" by Netta Syrett came to me as an absorbing solace. 'Tis a wise and gracious story of life as it was lived a year or so before the war by "young things who accepted nothing ready-made, to whom no tradition was sacred"—the brainy girls, who smashed the windows of convention out of sheer *joie de vivre*. With sunny perspicacity Miss Syrett shows what the innocent insurgence meant to the cultivated mothers concerned. Most of the love interest centres round one Joan, a brave, thoughtful girl who passes through the ante-chamber of interesting Bohemia to the realities that have less obvious radiance.

Her Futuristic surroundings when she finds a temporary nest of her own, remind one of the importance once attached to a pose. In her room, "the chairs and tables were of white wood painted with stripes and dots of vivid colours." Mats of barbaric make were islands of bizarrie on the stained floor, and "the windows were shaded by short curtains with a black and orange design by Otto Hirsch." Covert behind it all was the demand for freedom, which just in time she learnt was translated as licence in her corner of Bohemia.

Middle-aged women will hold out their hands in sympathetic understanding to Joan's mother—powerless to reconcile the clash between the two generations. The self-reliant young people of the suffrage period are seen in all their provocation in contrast with their elders, each playing an integral part in a well-knit plot that has, in particular, one situation of fine dramatic intensity.

* "Troublers of the Peace." By Netta Syrett. 5s. net. (Chatto.)—"The Definite Object." By Jeffery Farnol. 6s. (Sampson Low.)—"The Shadow of a Great Light." By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

XUM

Do you want to hie away in imagination with a young American millionaire, who is in search of adventure in New York? If so, read "The Definite Object" by Mr. Jeffery Farnol, who has woven a romantic and exciting story around Geoffrey Ranslee, drowned in an ocean of dollars, a story that has all the legitimate elements of popularity. From the moment when he collars Spike, a would-be burglar, to the time when he achieves his happy object, there is no cessation of interest. The sentiment—and there is plenty of it—though obvious and frequently excessive, is clean. His adventures with a "bunch" of New York "toughs" amongst whom he lives for a time in Hell's Kitchen, are told with verve, particularly his encounter with Bud, the famous bully of the district. For Geoffrey is a champion boxer, and he punishes vice and befriends distressed virtue with healthy and downright thoroughness. And of course he finds a princess in disguise, one Hermione, a charming creature who is worth fighting for. The subsidiary characters—and there are a crowd of them, ranging from pugilistic chauffeurs to a Mrs. Wiggs-like landlady—all add to the animation of the theme. The story is the thing—and that grips you like Geoff's lithe hands—but Mr. Farnol is no mean warrior on the side of angels.

Mr. Douglas Sladen evidently accumulated a good deal of information about Spiritualism before he wrote his novel, "The Shadow of a Great Light." But there is an effort of erudition about the book which, to one reader at any rate, seems rather portentous. Being more than "well disposed" towards Spiritualism I opened "The Shadow of a Great Light" in a mood of pleasant anticipation, and was somewhat disappointed. The story mainly concerns Tancred Guiscard, a successful novelist who becomes a medium, and makes a lot of money in this way, a development only accepted by his rich, unsympathetic wife because of the socially important people who gather at the house. There is a superior parlourmaid, Eve, who comes to play an important part in the séances—and in Guiscard's life; a woman secretary, and later—after the convenient death of Mrs. Guiscard—a woman colleague, Oriel. Finally, the novelist medium gets into communication with a young man, fallen at the front, who has played a part in Eve's life, and the complication on what might be called "the desire plane" is resolved.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S NEW NOVEL.*

Heine said, "The sun is only an old warmed-up jest," and it would be well for some of our novel and original moderns to remember that art was not born yesterday. Now there is an old phrase that literature is "life seen through a temperament," and I cannot help, quite illogically and capriciously, associating this phrase with Tom Moore and the Byronic note of

> "... like music on the waters,
> Is her sweet voice to me."

As a matter of fact this inadequate and lopsided definition, properly discredited by its posterity, does fit no small portion of modern letters, particularly the "realistic" novel and the free-versifiers. The chief thing that strikes one about so delusively pat a summing-up is its instability. If you are only going to see life through a temperament, your own temperament, it will be unfortunate for your reader if you happen to have a dull one. If you have a sprightly one, well and good. You will not produce a work of art, but you will impress upon your reader how agreeable it would be to know you. But there are times and there are literary personalities when and through whom you feel that the dogma bears a relation to truth. And I should select Mr. Galsworthy as one of those personalities. He possesses so particularly fine and delicate a temperament, really exquisitely sincere, candid and just, so full of sympathy and feeling that it is like to

* "Beyond." 6s. By Mr. Galsworthy.

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burst its banks and flood all humanity with its pity and tenderness, so genuine that you cannot call it sentimental. His temperament is, in fact, so convincing that you are tempted to call him in his best work an artist of genius and have done with it. Personally, I think that would be wrong, though I am very ready to admit that there are good critics who would disagree with me. I should, without reference to the great qualities of his work, transfer the genius from the art to the temperament which works upon it.

Now, Mr. Galsworthy's new novel, "Beyond," seems to me an endorsement of the fact that the two are distinct and separable. The temperament is unimpaired, but it has not succeeded in lifting, fusing with and transforming the material to the ends and shape of art. "Gyp" is the illegitimate daughter of Major Winton, the best type, the ideal type, the type that no longer exists, of poorish Tory landlord. The author invests her with a peculiarly proud, fastidious, refined and passionate spirit, alloyed with a certain infusion of prejudice and "good form." Without loving him, with no feelings towards him save of physical shrinking and contemptuous pity, she marries a Swedish violinist, Fiorsen, a vulgar and sensual brute, who subjects her to a long discipline of spiritual barbarities. She leaves him at last with her child to go to her lover, Bryan Summerhay, an agreeable young Englishman, with no very salient individuality to commend him to so exacting a creature as "Gyp." After some years of happy union, he is attracted quite superficially to his cousin, and "Gyp" in a furore of anguish and baffled love, quarrels with him. Summerhay is killed in a riding accident the next day, and "Gyp" after months of agony devotes herself to charity. The luminary of the book throughout is "Gyp"; the others only revolve about her as her satellites. And the point is that we cannot follow "Gyp" whither Mr. Galsworthy would have us go—certainly not to that "beyond" to which her actions and character are presumed to lead her. There is something abrupt, disconcerting, unintelligible, about her, something at variance between what she is intended, and what she is. Why does she marry Fiorsen? Why does she take so long to make up her mind to leave him? Why does she act with no pride towards Fiorsen and with an excess of it towards Summerhay? What exactly does Mr. Galsworthy mean us to think about her? Is she an example of human passion and pride in conflict with social laws? Or of the breakdown of human passion and pride before the might of those laws? Mr. Galsworthy leaves her on our hands, and we can make very little of her—or rather we cannot see her as he would wish us to. His temperament has not been assimilated with the form and creative truth of art.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

PLAYWRIGHT, POET, PROPHET.*

If Connolly or De Valera or another was the mind of the Irish Rising of 1916, Patrick Pearse was certainly its soul. He was a natural saint, and when it came to a bloody revolution one might think of him as wringing his hands and crying:

"Oh, cursèd spite
That ever I was born to set it right!"

But he was made of sterner stuff than that, and he went to war with the passionate conviction of a prophet of the Old Testament. He did not cry out upon his atonement. He would have accepted in full measure: "Who takes the sword shall perish by the sword." He only prophesied: "They will blame us at first, but afterwards they will praise us."

He was in many ways a "maker," as the inspired artist was called in old days. He was an inspired schoolmaster. An inspired Minister of Education was lost in him to the self-governing Irish. His system with his boys was

* "Collected Works of Padraic H. Pearse." 7s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

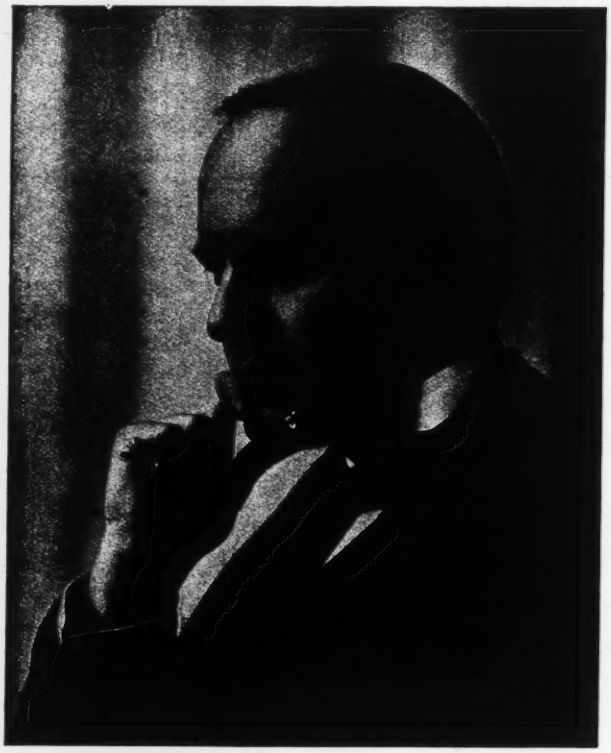

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. John Galsworthy.**

sublimely simple. He found out their natural aptitude and let them follow it: and for a moral code they had religion and the sense of honour. "My boy is good for nothing but to play a tin whistle," complained a father. "Very well, then," said Patrick Pearse, or Padraic, as he called himself, "buy him a tin whistle." "It is no use telling a lie to Mr. Pearse," said a youngster, "for he always believes you."

Here in this goodly volume is contained some of the "makings" of this extraordinary man. None of his oratory is here, and he was an orator to move men. But there are plays, poems and stories, full of the revelation of the man as he was, if less definite than some of the pamphlets in "The Tracts for the Times" and the "Bodenstown Tracts," the penny series published in the months before the Rising which are now worth very much more than their weight in gold.

Some of these tracts were fiercely polemical. Here, in this volume, you have the very sweetness of the soul of the man. There is a portrait of the composed, intense, austere face, perhaps ever so slightly opinionated. Well, well, the reformer needs to be sure of himself. There is a preface by a Maynooth professor. Of all books one would have said this needed no preface; yet it is a wise and illuminating piece of work, and it adds to the value of the book. Then comes the play in which Pearse sees himself in a glass darkly—"The Singer." Here he is with the passionate love for his mother and the destiny. "What was it drew you home?" Mac Dara is asked; and he replies:

"Some feeling that I must see my mother and Colin and Sighle (Sheila) again . . . that I must face some great adventure with their kisses on my lips. I seemed to see myself brought to die before a great crowd that stood cold and silent; and there were some that cursed me in their hearts for having brought death into their houses. Sad, dead faces seemed to reproach me—oh, the wise, sad faces of the dead—and the keening of women rang in my ears. But I felt that the kisses of these two women on my mouth would be as wine in my blood, strengthening me to bear what men said and to die with only love and pity in my heart and no bitterness."

These plays and poems and stories are spiritual romances. Each has its authentic beauty. They are fairy-tales of

the spirit, of imagination all compact. They are for the reader primarily who can bring imagination and sympathy to the reading: to him they will be pure delight. But they will also be of absorbing interest to the student of human psychology, for in these beautiful things Commandant Padraic Pearse, of the Irish Republican Army, "being dead yet speaketh."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

VIRGIL.*

Of Virgil, as of Homer, there can be no final translation. Not only (to quote the words of F. W. H. Myers) has he "been perhaps more successful than any other poet in fusing together the expressed and the suggested emotion"—so that it would need a second Virgil to translate Virgil adequately; but the actual words have gathered, in their passage "down the corridors of time," so great a store of associations that they come to us surcharged with a quality which no translation can ever hope to convey. Still the very difficulty is a challenge, and translations of Virgil continue to appear both in verse and in prose. Dr. Way's reputation as a translator of the Greek and Latin poets is already established, and no detraction is implied if we do not prophesy that the present volume will rank among the great examples of English verse translation. It is inevitable that, comparing it with the original, we should find it in places inadequate.

"There are tears for adversity, hearts for mortality's trials that bleed,"

fails to satisfy us as a rendering of the line that every reader has tried to translate afresh, with small success either in his own estimation or in that of others. But the success of any attempt must be measured in relation to its object, and the object in this case is clearly and modestly stated in the Preface. It is

"to make some small contribution to the study of the Classical Authors themselves as a part of World-literature . . . and to encourage and assist students *to read the original through* . . . and to read it with something of the appreciation felt by our fathers in past centuries."

Hence the book is published with text and translation facing each other, and the translator keeps so closely to the original that, while nothing is omitted, the English totals in each book the same number of lines as the Latin. The difficulties of the task are not lessened by the choice of rhyming verse as the medium. To these restrictions we may put down the occasional awkwardness—lumps (so to speak) of consonants which check the flow of the verse, lines that require more than one reading before they will fit themselves to the metre, and now and then pure inappropriateness of expression, as in the passage in Book II. where Æneas, roused from sleep by the din of battle on the night of the sack of Troy, and rushing forth to die at least sword in hand, meets the fleeing Panthus and cries out to him to know where the Trojans are making their last stand; where the English "Where rests the supreme decision?" seems hardly adequate either to the passion of the moment or to the simple directness of the original, "*Quo res summa loco, Panthu?*"

But such defects are only occasional. What strikes us most is the remarkable skill and ingenuity of the translator and the ease and freedom with which he seems to work within the limits he has set himself. This is true both in vigorous narrative, like the greater part of Book II. or the story of the storm in Book III., and in descriptive passages, as that of the Haven of the Nymphs (I. 159–169):

"In a deep firth lieth a refuge: an island's barrier-sides
There form a haven, where every surge of the ocean tides
Is shattered, and parts into many a far-withdrawn rock-cleft.
Huge cliffs and twin crag-towers at the entrance to right and to left
Stand up as defying the clouds; hushed lies the guarded flood
Under their crests: to rearward a background of shimmering wood,
A dark-leaved forest, frowns with tufted shade o'er the wave.
Beneath its fronting brows are the hanging rocks of a cave.

* "The Æneid of Virgil in English Verse." Vol. I., Books I.-III. By Arthur S. Way, D.Litt. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

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Within fresh waters are welling, and seats are there of stone
Self-wrought: 'tis a haunt of the Nymphs. Here hawser there needeth none
To hold storm-wearied hulls, neither anchor to bind them fast."

No student gifted with the power of appreciation who has the good fortune to meet with Dr. Way's translation can fail to gain from it what the author desires he should—a wish to read the Æneid through in the original. Beside these longer passages may be set single words or lines no less happy—the "airy chariot-wheels" of the sea-god gliding over the waves, the shade of Creusa vanishing:

"Like the bodiless winds, and all too like to a dream that hath wings,"

or the song of Iopas:

"He sang
Of the wandering feet of the moon, of the travail of the sun,
Sang whence the being of men and the beasts of the field had begun:
He told of the fountains of heaven, the birth of lightning-gleams,
Of Arcturus, the rain-laden Hyads, the twin bestarred plough-teams."

In all of these the translation is almost word for word. In one particular only do we note that Dr. Way has anywhere added to the original, and that is in the use of adjectives of colour, an element in description which Virgil, like most of the Latin poets, employs very little. The translation has, for instance,

"With his feet all swollen, as when those *red* thongs pierced them through,"
"His eye's *red* pit" (of the Cyclops).
"Cypresses starred with cones *dark-brown*."

In each case the adjective is a simple and obvious one; but Virgil does not use it.

M. R.

MADAME ADAM.*

Madame Juliette Adam is a very remarkable person indeed. Now in her eighty-first year, she has lived through a momentous epoch for France and Europe, and always, since her childhood, alive to the forces and familiar with the people who were responsible for shaping the course of events, indeed herself, for the past fifty years, one of the responsible forces. Born in 1836 she has in her seven volumes of "Souvenirs" given a lively and compelling portrayal of her stormy scrambling childhood, surrounded by strong-willed and potent personalities at home, the subject of long struggles between her autocratic grandmother and her no less autocratic father, generally decided by the weight of the grandmother's purse. At twelve years of age she was a complete rebel, and even shared in some of the plottings and plannings of 1848, her first revolution. Married at sixteen, and not happily married, she began to find her interests in letters, in politics and in people, and making friends with Daniel Stern (the Comtesse d'Agoult), she was speedily fairly launched in the world of intellectual Paris. Her domestic life became more and more unhappy, and finally she gave up Paris, left her husband, and returned to her parents' home. But her true place was Paris, and in 1864 she returned there and established herself in a flat in the Rue de Rivoli, where, she explained to her father, all revolutions had their beginnings.

"Sociability has ever been one of Mme. Adam's gifts," says Miss Stephens, and soon the little *salon* she started became very successful, and a centre of republicanism, for it was political beyond everything, though art and letters had a share. Her husband's death made her marriage with Edmond Adam possible, and from 1868, when this marriage took place, she at last entered into her kingdom. Her husband's wealth and his distinguished position in the intellectual and political world gave her advantages which served her no less than her own charm and genius for affairs. Among her friends was Gambetta, who came to her a very raw provincial, and whom she trained and launched in the ways of society.

Perhaps the real turning-point of her life was the war of 1870. She stayed in Paris during the siege, and organised a hospital of fifty beds. She threw herself ardently into the cause of France against Prussia, and the rest of her life has been directed towards the furthering of that cause. The Commune made her regard socialism and internationalism as next to Germany the most formidable of the enemies of France. She worked unceasingly for La Revanche, and after Edmond Adam's death she started *La Nouvelle Revue* in 1879, with a very brilliant list of collaborators, she herself contributing the articles on foreign politics for twenty-one years, setting before herself one main object, to oppose Bismarck, attacking him so shrewdly, so implacably, so successfully, that once he is said to have exclaimed, as Henry II. did of Becket: "Is there no one who can rid me of this devil of a woman?" She advocated friendship with Russia, but always distrusted England, at any rate until the war of 1914, when she has at length changed her opinion of us.

It is very agreeable to have a volume about the life and work of a woman who is so French, so vivid, so much a figure of our own time and of the times that counted for so much in France and Europe, and for that we owe Miss Stephens unqualified thanks.

F. M. A.

* "Madame Adam." By Winifred Stephens. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

ON MINDING THE MIND.*

In most people the desire for personal improvement is a pretty sound indication of a healthy mind. It is only our friends the enemy who are satisfied with themselves as the perfect and unimprovable product of civilisation. De Quincey wrote his "Letter to a Young Gentleman whose Education had been Neglected," and Lamb replied with his humorous "Letter to an Old Gentleman whose Education had been Neglected." But such an old gentleman is vastly preferable to any gentleman, young or old, who thinks that his education has been completed. The suburban young person who goes to be "finished" at the local "Academy for the Daughters of Gentlemen" is usually "finished" in the worst possible sense. Well, here is a book of very great value to all persons of any age who are humble enough (or sensible enough) to feel that they are still unfinished. Primarily addressed to youthful students, its sage counsels can be profitably applied as well by those who find themselves "twenty and thirty and forty years on."

Usually, such manuals of advice and instruction are written by the failures. People who succeed are too busy succeeding to bother about the rest of us. "How to Succeed as an Author" invariably comes from the man who has never otherwise got into print. "My Infallible System of Betting" is pretty sure to have been written by a seedy hanger-on who is down at heels through a long course of backing wrong 'uns. The man who desires to improve his mind is particularly the prey of quacks and system-mongers. The present volume is extraordinary, if not unique, in being written by the very man of all most capable of writing it. Those who know anything about education know Professor Adams as perhaps the finest teacher of the day. He has the best of all gifts a teacher can have, a delightful and persuasive personality, and he has, too, the next best gift, a sense of humour. Professor Adams is not merely admired, he is adored; and those who love him best are teachers themselves, usually critical and suspicious of their own kind.

Here are some of the subjects dealt with: "Taking Oneself in Hand," "Plan of Campaign," "Manipulation of the Memory," "Mode of Study," "Reading," "Text-Books and Books of Reference," "Listening and Note-Making," "Constructive Study in Translation and Essay-Writing." Upon these topics Professor Adams discourses in his own delightful fashion, blending the latest results of pedagogical research with the tips of a practical teacher,

* "The Student's Guide." By John Adams, M.A., B.Sc., LL.D., Professor of Education in the University of London. 3s. 6d. net. (The University of London Press.)

and seasoning the whole with a spice of apt quotation and anecdote. He does not mind telling a story against himself—as when he relates how he was long puzzled by a small three-quarter circle in a large perspective drawing that had been submitted to him for explanation, and how, at last, having (in pursuance of his own counsels of perfection) gazed at it and thought furiously about it for an hour or two, he began to roll the drawing up in despair—and found that the mysterious curve was a hair of his own moustache. The moral (which he does not draw) seems to be that teachers, like curates, should shave.

For the young student Professor Adams adds some wise remarks on how to pass examinations. Many of us have gone beyond that horrid necessity, but we are still under an obligation to understand what we read and hear. Those who wish to find for their mental activities some happy mean between ignoble sloth and the paralysing prescriptions of Mr. Lewisham's "Schema" will find abundant profit in this book.

George Sampson.

SISTERS IN SONG.*

None of the women-singers of our day could be more appropriately bracketed together, reviewed together, than Alice Meynell and Katharine Tynan; sisters in song and in religion. It is a happy accident which gives us their two new books together; each fragrant with its author's characteristic charm.

In "A Father of Women" and its companion poems Mrs. Meynell gives new evidence of the qualities to which she owes her unique position in contemporary poetry. There is the same delicate, immaculate art, wrought out and finished off to the nicest detail; the same subtleties of thought, so spiritual, so ethereal, that it rather seems thought's rarefied essence. Even the war and the tragedy of the untimely dead are seen through this finer atmosphere, as through a mist with the moon behind it. Everything, in this aloof world, is high and white and bright; gloom itself is "all glorious within" by the interpenetrating light from above. "A Summer in England" visualises, indeed, the full horror wrought by "man's unpardonable race." Yet, even there, religion has given the most perplexed of earthly dissonances an inner concord resolving them to peace.

The title-poem, dedicated to the poet's sister, Lady Butler, calls on the many "fathers of women" who lament their fallen sons to own their daughters worthy scions of the stock; a thought with a special message for the times. "The Lord's Prayer" and "Free Will," on the other hand, owe nothing to topical suggestion. Here the poet resumes her old, lark-like habit of soaring into blue tenuities of thought whither only minds as fleet, as nimble and subtle, can hope to follow. But in every great religious poet's work, from Dante to Francis Thompson, there are transparencies as well as profundities. So with Mrs. Meynell's: her garden (to change the metaphor) yields daisies with orchids. "In Sleep" is as limpid as the "big, round tear" to which George Eliot compared a lyric of Heine's, and several of its neighbours share its lovely simplicity. Equally beautiful is "The Two Questions"—we remember what a thrill it gave us when we first read it in the *Fortnightly*—but with a more complex, more sophisticated grace. The thought matches the music, where the slurred syllables have the charm of Chopin's copious accidentals and grace-notes. The poet can find a hidden splendour in the calamities overtaking innocence:

> "Not these puzzle the will;
> Not these, not these the unanswered question urge,
> But the unjust stricken; but the hands that kill
> Lopped; but the merited scourge."

* "A Father of Women, and Other Poems." By Alice Meynell. 2s. net. (Burns & Oates.)—"Late Songs." By Katharine Tynan. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

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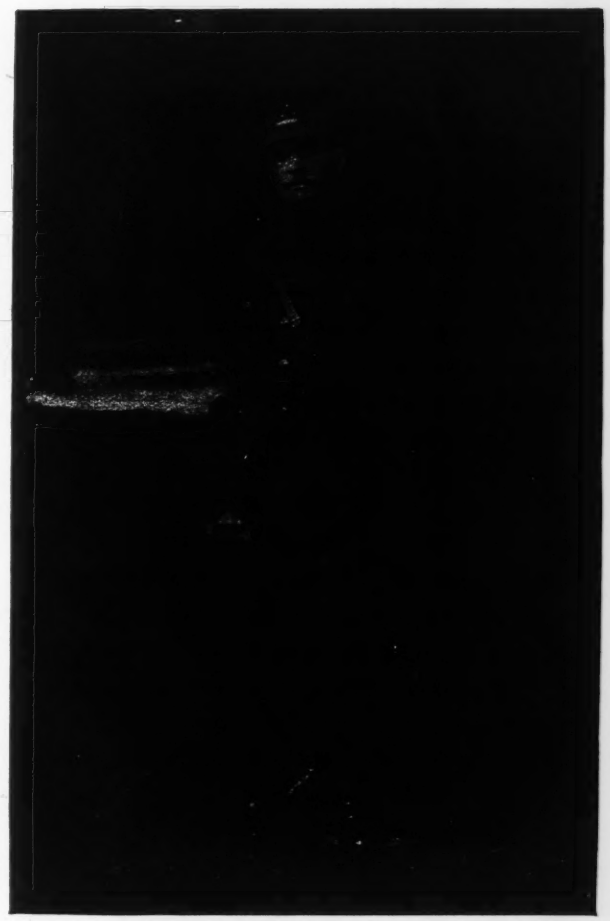

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THE ADVENTURES OF AN ENSIGN.

By Vedette. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

For all in search of a simple, unvarnished narrative of active service from the point of view of a typical young officer, this is a commendable book. The word "adventures" in the title is hardly a happy choice, since it leads the reader to expect escapades and experiences of an uncommon character, whereas the author's story—absorbing as it is—is but the common lot "out there," its value resting mainly on the conscientious way in which he has recorded the working of his own little cog in the colossal war machine. His life is faithfully set down from the day when, as an eager young Guards officer, he crosses the Channel to join his regiment to the moment of his collapse in the Battle of the Somme. We see him engaged in the thankless task of billeting officer in a French town, or—more congenial duty—superintending an issue of rum to his drenched men. He notes the indescribable filth of war, the exhilaration of going over the top, the subsequent reaction in the nauseating trench shambles. It is all set down very quietly, without exaggeration, and the result is a book with the interest of an intimate diary that holds the reader to its last page.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE "MAJESTIC."

By George Goodchild. 1s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

That the Army has so far given us many more books than the Navy is only natural, seeing that there are about ten times as many soldiers as sailors, and that the lion's share of the fighting has fallen to the land forces. To the

sailors has been allotted the equally wearing and dangerous but obscurer task of keeping patient watch and ward for an enemy who rarely summons up courage to come out and face them, and of carrying out the perilous unreported measures taken for the suppression of the U-boats. But there have been intervals when the Navy has had opportunities of doing business in the limelight, and it has always done it gloriously. One such interval came with the Dardanelles campaign, and one of the seamen who took part in it, Petty Officer J. G. Cowie, kept a private log-book in which he entered a record of his personal experiences from day to day. When the war broke out, he was in the Royal Naval Reserve; he duly enters up the surprises and uncertainties of those early days of mobilisation, and the interest rapidly rises after he is appointed to the *Majestic*, "the oldest battleship but one in the Service." Old as it was, it roughed it and did excellent work in gallant fashion through the great days at Gallipoli until it was torpedoed and sunk. It is one of the vividest and most interesting narratives we have had of that phase of the war. The descriptions of the fighting, the daring adventures up the mine-strewn Straits, the life aboard, alive with scores of little everyday incidents that give colour and actuality to the story, are touched in with the simplest and sharpest realistic effect. Mr. George Goodchild has taken the log-book of Petty-Officer Cowie, and from that and personal talks with him has written out this full and graphic account of what Mr. Cowie has been through, and written it with a deftness and imaginative sympathy, both in presenting the facts and preserving the atmosphere of his original, for which we have nothing but praise. One is justified in using the old phrase and calling this a genuine human document, and it is one that was well worth preserving.

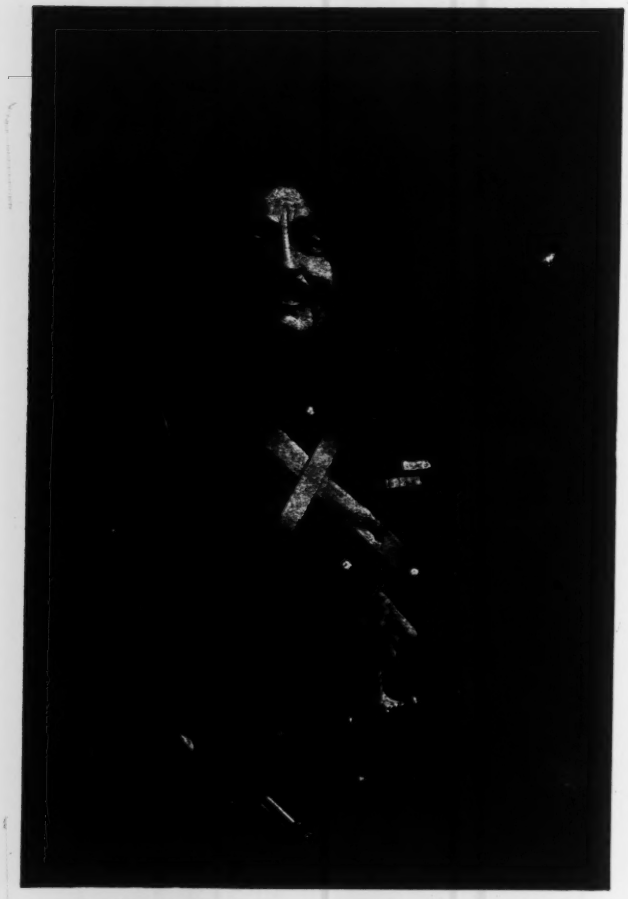
PETTY-OFFICER J. G. COWIE, from whose log-book Lieutenant George Goodchild has written "The Last Cruise of the 'Majestic'" (Simpkin, Marshall).

OBSERVATIONS OF AN ORDERLY:

Some Glimpses of Life and Work in an English War Hospital.

By LANCE-CORPORAL WARD MUIR, R.A.M.C. (T). 2s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Observations and glimpses the author modestly labels the contents of this volume, but they are the observations of one whose profession was that of an observer before he enlisted in May, 1915, glimpses by one who had already proved himself a master of the art of affording such through the medium of pencraft. Through Lance-Corporal Ward Muir the Third London General Hospital had already become articulate, and now in this volume he tells us simply, but graphically and impressively, what life in the hospital is like, and especially what the life is like of an R.A.M.C. (T) orderly in that place. It is a plain unvarnished tale, but (as was Othello's) far more winning than would have been any gushing, highfalutin account of the devotion of those who give themselves up to the nursing of our wounded. The author shows us how, having joined the R.A.M.C., he was told off as a hospital orderly, undrilled, untrained for his work in any way, and even un-uniformed, straight away, in the "civvies" in which he had reported himself; he had to relieve another orderly and to pick up from him in a few minutes some inkling of the duties pertaining to an orderly. There is—or apparently was not when Mr. Ward Muir enlisted—no "awkward squad" stage for an orderly of the R.A.M.C.: he was expected to go at once from his civilian duties, whatever they might have been, straight to the duties of "washing up dishes," waiting on patients and responding instanter to the call of "Orderly!" From the observations which Lance-Corporal Ward Muir puts before us, we are able to gather very realistic impressions both of the working life of the orderlies and the orderly life of those to whose service they are dedicated for the duration of the war.



From **The Marne—and After** By Major Corbett-Smith, which Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

GENERAL H. H. SIR PRATAP SINGH.

THE CITY OF FEAR, AND OTHER POEMS.

By GILBERT FRANKAU. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Some of the poems in this book are reprinted from Mr. Frankau's earlier volume, "The Guns." The best of the new poems are "The City of Fear," a grimly realistic picture of ruined Ypres, and "How Rifleman Brown Came to Valhalla." There is power and imagination and the poetry of emotion in both. There is a brooding horror of death and desolation over them, and a haunting compassion for those whose lives have gone out in the war. These two, and such of the others as "Eyes in the Air," "The Voice of the Slaves" and "The Voice of the Guns" would make any book of war verse memorable.

XUM

From 2nd.-Lieut. Billie Impett and his Orderly, by Captain Eustace Ainsworth, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing. **COVER DESIGN.**

"I APPEAL UNTO CÆSAR."

By MRS. HENRY HOBHOUSE. With Introduction by PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY. 1s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

There is no doubt we are grown a little unreasonable nowadays, when many of us who acquiesce warmly in the suppression of opinions we do not share would yet fret under a sense of intolerable wrong if the scale were turned and the opinions to be suppressed were our own. Whenever, for example, anybody ventures to rise up and say a word for the Conscientious Objector there are always plenty of hands ready to throw bricks at him. But there can be no bricks thrown at Mrs. Hobhouse. She has sons fighting in our Army in France and wholly approves of their being there; but she has one son who is a Conscientious Objector and in prison, and she pleads that whether we agree with his views or not we should respect them, even as we respect the differing views of his brothers. The present writer has no sympathy with the Objectors; he believes even the sincerest of them are egotistically taking themselves too seriously and that, in any event, they are very incomplete democrats who expect their particular will to prevail, whether it is also the will of the majority or not. Nevertheless, there is something to be said for respecting even an eccentric conscience, and Mrs. Hobhouse says it with an unanswerable reasonableness. One hopes her book may be widely read; it should help to chasten us and make us more tolerant with each other.

THE RED PLANET.

By W. J. LOCKE. 6s. (John Lane.)

THE BROWN BROTHERS.

By PATRICK MACGILL. 6s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

All our novelists will come to it sooner or later. They have shirked it—the more modest of them—because it is far too vast a subject to get into perspective for decades and decades yet, because there is nothing to be said about it which does not look in a little while the sorriest commonplace, because events continue to beggar analysis or forecast, because art seems a mere plaything in the face of its realities, and oh! for a dozen other equally sensible reasons. And yet, so deeply has the war woven itself into our thoughts and feelings and workaday existence, that it refuses to be overlooked, that representations of life which try to ignore it and hark back to pre-war conditions appear fantastic and out of date. The longer it goes on, the more remote seems what went before it or what leaves it out of account. We have changed too much under its influence to recognise ourselves and our world very easily as we and the world were when it was not with us. And so fiction tends more and more to be war fiction, despite the natural reluctance of authors and the risks they run of giving a false value to the shifting and the temporary. Mr. Locke has made no bones about the matter. Since the life with which he deals, however romantically, however fancifully, is modern life, he holds that it is absurd not to reflect in his art what makes the framework of our emotions, our experiences, our daily efforts and preoccupations, and so his latest story with its tell-tale title, "The Red Planet," is resolutely devoted to the reactions of war, even though it makes no deliberate attempt to describe a single battle-scene and is supposed to be told by a paralysed stay-at-home. Why, its whole theme, its mystery, its puzzle of character is concerned with a phenomenon of war, its central figure being an heroic coward, a V.C. with nerves, a combination of consummate gallantry and shameful surrender to fear, a lion-heart who is liable to be deprived by panic of all power to move or act and so is for ever atoning by marvels of bravery for former sins of impotence. Not only so; the novelist's very mouthpiece is an old soldier, one Major Meredyth, whom fate in the Boer War robbed of control over his lower limbs and so compels to look on during Armageddon while colleagues and juniors take a hand in the great game. There, perhaps, in imposing such fetters on his artistic freedom, Mr. Locke has made something of a mistake. If he is to feel quite at home in his story-telling the narrator must be, like himself, of the student type, sensitive, fastidious, full of literary allusiveness, the man of thought and sentiment as distinct from the man of action. And the more the Major approximates to this type, as he gradually does, the excuse being his isolation from the active

MR. CONINGSBY DAWSON, NOVELIST AND SOLDIER, whose "Khaki Courage: Letters in Wartime," with an Introduction by his father, Mr. W. J. Dawson, Mr. John Lane is publishing.

MR. W. J. LOCKE.

world, the less of a soldier he becomes. His sensibility indeed is almost feminine, his attitude towards the war is that of your man of letters rather than that of your former man of arms. It is the author himself, we feel, if he had been crippled and not Major Meredyth, who would have shrunk from being lifted in the arms of a man he suspected; it is your student rather than your soldier who would have girded at ministers and satirised "intellectuals." We may be told he is an exception to the rule, but even granted that, one more difficulty arises from Mr. Locke's convention. Would any soldier in telling a story relate facts that are to a brother-soldier's discredit, no matter how much he shows himself later on the dead man's champion and apologist? The blots on Colonel Boyce's splendid record have to be revealed if we are to appreciate his struggle and admire his atonement. But should a fellow-officer be made to give away a popular hero within a few months of his death? Ought not the novelist to have hit on some other device? When that perhaps too finicking piece of criticism has been urged there is nothing left to the reviewer but the business of praise, and enthusiastic praise, of Mr. Locke's war-novel. If so paradoxical a blend of pluck and cowardice, of tenderness and brutality, of what is charming and what is sinister—if Leonard Boyce has never existed, then he exists from now. Mr. Locke is justified of his audacity in mixing such apparently inconsistent ingredients. He makes a man a miracle—but a man. Handling the hackneyed material of "the white feather" he gives us something new, a character and a story that grip our attention the more securely the longer we are with either. For besides inventing a masterly and novel type he has turned all his craftsmanship to the happiest account in the development of his drama. Hand in hand go the revelation of Boyce's double nature and the solving of the mystery of Althea Fenemore's suicide; and even when we are on the threshold of discovery about this latter mystery, even when we guess the truth, Mr. Locke has a thrill for us still in reserve. All his subordinate folk, too, are made to fit so neatly into his scheme and are so skilfully hit off—the Fenemores, true to their breed; Betty Fairfax, a characteristic Locke heroine in her largeness of heart; Gedge, the Socialist blackmailer who might have walked out of a Jones comedy; and Marigold, the Major's valet, an oddity worthy to rank with Corporal Trim. Here then, leaving the profession of the narrator out of account, we have Mr. Locke at the top of his form, his style as easy as ever, his irony as keen and delicate.

Mr. MacGill's is a very different war-novel from the other. He has been in the thick of the war himself and writes of it from the inside, wisely confining himself to what has come under his eyes—to the doings of the London Irish whose life he has shared. Loos figures in his tale of "The Brown Brothers," and the edge of Vimy Ridge, before that ridge was taken, and the Somme battles, including the fight for High Wood. We see these battles, or rather the little corner of them that a few Irish soldiers might see, the ugly side of their experiences unconcealed. There is nothing pretty, no idealisation, in the "scraps" Mr. MacGill describes; he is all for stark realism when he is telling of a bayonet charge or the mining of an enemy trench or the mortality caused by shell-fire. And his men are as real as his war-pictures; he records the quaintness and profanity of their talk with all the fidelity of a phonograph. As in life, his soldiers are always nicely differentiated, he never lets them be merged into a common type. Here, for instance, we meet half a dozen or more fresh examples of the London Irish. Each one is individualised and each one is sketched and endowed with humour. That is the advantage of watching the war in Mr. MacGill's company. He may force you to look at horrors and acknowledge the hideousness of the battlefield, but he is sure to amuse as well and to introduce you to entertaining companions. For sheer rollicking fun it would be hard to beat one chapter in this book, a "bathing" episode which is one long laugh from first to last. And just as MacGill can be delightfully humorous, so he can be merciful. Half-way through his new story, he drops out of it the most amiable character; he seems buried underground and his author spares him scarcely a sigh. You give him up and read half-heartedly of the rest for a while. All of a sudden he is pitchforked into your presence, alive; married to the French girl he loves, primed with a budget of amazing adventures. From a realist of Mr. MacGill's sternness it is a great concession. Mr. Locke could not have been kinder.

F. G. BETTANY.

MR. PATRICK MACGILL.

HISTORY OF SERBIA.

By HAROLD W. V. TEMPERLEY. 10s. 6d. net. (Bell & Sons.)

THE MEMOIRS OF A BALKAN DIPLOMATIST.

By COUNT CHEDOMILLE MIJATOVICH. 16s. net. (Cassell.)

Anyone who knows much of the past history of the Balkan States will have, in advance, some idea of the difficulties which Captain Temperley has had to encounter in his endeavour to win the reader's sympathy for his story of the rise, fall and revival of the Serbian races. A story so clear, so sane and so candid has rarely been told by one of our younger historians. The maintenance by Montenegro for five hundred years of her indomitable struggle for independence, the persistence of ideals of national union and culture for the same period among the Croats, the Bosnians, the Dalmatians, and other races separated by political and geographical barriers, and the

Photo by Wykeham. **MISS VIOLETTA THURSTAN,**
whose "Text Book on War Nursing" Messrs. Putnams are publishing.

forging of the long-subject Serbians of the kingdom into a self-respecting and respected modern State, first by insurrection and then by the creation of a national army, these three factors of Serbian greatness Captain Temperley never loses sight of; and he ascribes the race's proneness to resort to assassination to that lack or slow development of political instinct which seems to characterise all the Slavonic peoples.

A very useful volume complementary to the "History of Serbia" is Count Mijatovich's "Memoirs of a Balkan Diplomatist." The Count has some very good anecdotes to tell of Abdul Hamid, Lord Salisbury, King Milan, Queen Nathalie, the late Shah, Queen Draga, King Nicholas and King Peter, not to speak of some extremely interesting stories of the premonitions of "second sight."

THE ELEVENTH BATTALION GORDON HIGHLANDERS, 1914-1916.

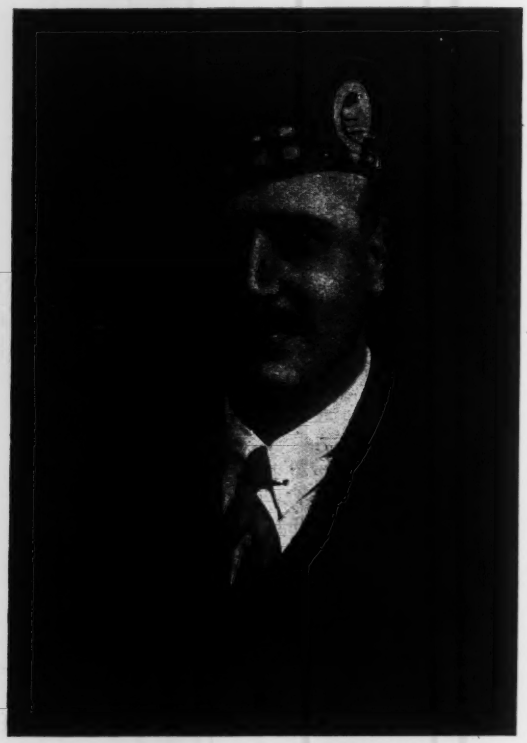
By COLONEL ALFORD. 1s. 4d. (Glasgow: Maclure, Macdonald & Co.)

It was a happy thought of a busy C.O. to devote his odd leisure to the writing of this modest monograph on the gallant Eleventh Battalion Gordons, now a swelling

Photo by John Trevor. **MR. JOHN MASEFIELD,**
whose descriptive study of the Somme front, "The Old First Line," Mr. Heinemann will publish this month.

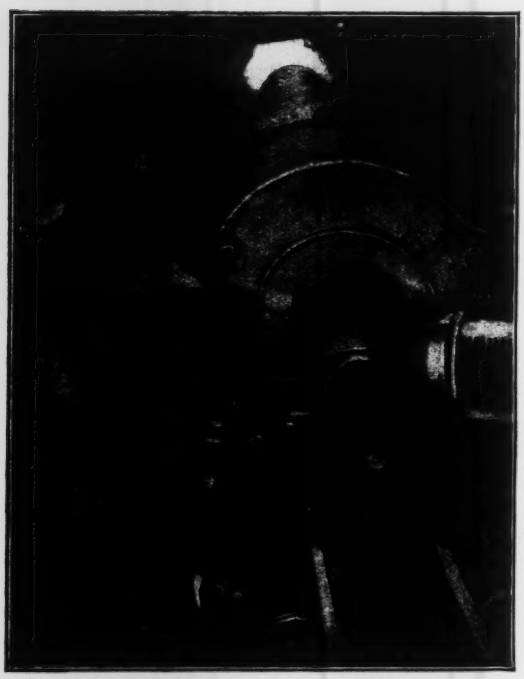
artery, flowing khakily, into the main, broad stream of our Army. It is a book that has touched us closely in many ways; and, beautifully remote from the kind of thing that ordinarily falls into our hands as reviewers, summoning to the task real knowledge and feeling, making us shake hands again with the men we knew and exchange "fag" and "rooty"—a word of obscure origin, meaning "food"—with such of them as were our "pals" and familiars and fellow-adventurers in the wynds and courts of Old Aberdeen. We sincerely congratulate Colonel Alford on this sensible and well-written history of the Eleventh Battalion, and hope it will find its way into the hands of the "Gordon" boys who figure therein, as well

Photo by Gilman, Oxford. **MR. STEPHEN MCKENNA,**
whose new story of the war, "Ninety-six Hours' Leave," has just been published by Messrs. Methuen.



CAPT. R. W. CAMPBELL,
author of "Spud Tamson," whose delightful new novel of the old Army and its doings in the present war, "Donald and Helen," was recently published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

as to a (perhaps) less interested public. We hope when the war is over Colonel Alford will consider the idea of a revised edition, giving later and fuller details of the Battalion, as well as a "Roll of Honour." This would be a really useful addition.



From **Action! Stories from the Modern Navy,**
By John S. Margerison
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

COVER DESIGN.

IS WAR CIVILIZATION?

By CHRISTOPHE NYROP.
Authorised Translation by H. G. WRIGHT, M.A.
2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

This is a welcome addition to the mass of printed stuff provoked by the war. The author, the Professor of Romanec Philosophy at Copenhagen, is a good friend of peace, for whom the answer to the question stated in the title to these papers is in the negative. He starts off with Moltke's glorification of war: "War is sacred and instituted by God," and sets against it Maupassant's bitter reply. Four chapters follow dealing with the devastation wrought by the Germans in Belgium and Northern France. ("War of necessity leads to annexation, which in its turn involves tyranny.") Then we have a critical examination of that amazing Manifesto issued in the autumn of 1914 by the German professors—ninety-three representatives of German art and science—solemnly protesting against the charges of barbarism brought, with only too much truth, against the German Army. The rest of the book is concerned with the Irredentists of Italy and their case for inclusion, the justification of Italy's declaration of war, and brief considerations of "War and Language" and "War and Religion." Finally, Professor Nyrop looks for the healing of the nations, and the building of a new *Civitas Dei* "which no war can defile." In a very small compass has the author framed an indictment against the militarism of Germany that cannot be quashed. He has drawn it up temperately but with pitiless logic, and with hope that an appeal to all that was best in German thought may bear fruit in the days to come.

THE INVASION AND THE WAR IN BELGIUM FROM LIÈGE TO THE YSER.

By LÉON VAN DER ESSEN.
15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Dr. Van Der Essen, Professor of History in the University of Louvain, has in this volume written an account of the early days of the German invasion of Belgium which, from its citation of authorities, judicial weighing of evidence and studious moderation of tone, is likely to provide the most valuable material for the compilation of the Belgian official history of the war. The book gives for the first time a complete and connected description of the attack on Belgium down to the time of the battle on the Yser. The sieges of Liège, of Namur and of Antwerp and the combats on the Sambre are reported with an admirable feeling for detail and for the picturesque, and every statement is fully documented. No less thorough are the accounts of the destruction of Louvain, Dinant, Termonde and Aerschot, the story of German atrocities committed at these places being told with a restraint and regard for the laws of evidence which only serve to throw into a stronger light Teutonic beastliness and inhumanity. It is worth while noting that Dr. Van Der Essen, after sifting all the available information, is of opinion that the charge against the German military authorities of having premeditated the firing and sacking of Louvain cannot be proved. The fact, however, that the sack of the town continued for eight days fixes a damning responsibility for complicity on some highly-placed officer, whether on Major von Manteufel or on the German High Command matters very little.

THE WAR, MADAME ——.

By PAUL GERALDY. 1s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

This is a book for civilians and soldiers; it explains the outlook of each to the other, and should give comfort especially to those who have sons or brothers or lovers in the fighting ranks. A young lieutenant home on short leave is at first hurt by the apparent indifference of Paris to the hardships and death her soldiers are facing in defence of her. Life in the city seems to be going on much as usual; people are enjoying themselves, are cheerful and can laugh and go about their ordinary business or pleasure just as when he was a civilian and shared their interests. A little of bitterness and resentment is coming over him when he has a revelation of the inner heart of this outward calm and apparent indifference that brings him to an instant understanding of it all, and instead of uttering reproaches he finds himself touched with pity for them and giving consolation by preaching to them the brave philosophy of the trenches. It is the slightest succession of incidents, but written with such delicate and delightful art that it grips the reader's sympathies and imagination. A very heartening little book, full of human kindness and the finest spirit of chivalry.

THE IMMORTAL GAMBLE.

By A. T. STEWART and C. J. E. PESHALL. 6s. (A. & C. Black.)

This book makes excellent reading in that it explains the failure of the Dardanelles campaign rather more humanly than did the various grimly terse reports which have come to us from time to time. This story of what Mr. Winston Churchill referred to as "a perfectly legitimate gamble," is splendidly told by the Acting Commander and the Chaplain of the old *Cornwallis*, one of the ships which played such a prominent part in that hopeless adventure; she escaped bombs, gunfire from the land forts, and torpedoes in those perilous days off Sedd-ul-Bahr, in the Narrows, and at the evacuation—or rather the withdrawal—from Suvla, only to be sunk by a submarine on her way home. This is a most comprehensive yarn, giving as it does several accounts of the historic landing, from the Captain's —I will not say down to—but along toward a Midshipman's; and through it all runs the immortal good comradeship of the Navy. Reading, we get a real glimpse of the spirit of the oldest Service when called upon to lead a forlorn hope; of the thoughts and feelings of the Navy in this particular venture; and most of all of the wonderful work they *did*. For the work of the Navy off Suvla was not all firing big guns; in addition they turned themselves into hospital ships; they conveyed troops and stores, landing those same; sank boats to make breakwaters, hunted for searchlights; erected dis- tillery plants, and performed many other surprisingly diverse jobs that badly wanted doing. The wonder is, not that they failed, but that they so nearly succeeded.

COVER DESIGN,
from "Taffrail's" new story, "The Sub," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

From The Immortal Gamble.
(*A. & C. Black*).

SUNSET IN MUDROS HARBOUR.

Photo by E. N. A.

THE BURNING OF THE TOWN HALL AT ARRAS.

From 'The Splendour of France," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing in fortnightly parts.

HOW THE KING'S SCOUT FARED IN THE GREAT WAR.

By MARGARET SMITH-MASTERS. 2s. 6d. (Wells, Gardner.)

A stirring, well-written romance of the war which will be read by boys and girls—by boys especially—with enthralled interest. It concerns mainly two boys and two girls and an older cousin, Walter. Walter, and later one of the boys, Dick, are out and seeing much of the fighting in France; but not the least interesting part of the tale tells of the work of the Boy Scouts in guarding bridges, and having thrilling experiences with spies in the home country. A brave, rousing story, alive with a fine spirit of chivalry. It has eight excellent illustrations by R Wheelwright.

UNDER FIRE. THE STORY OF A SQUAD.

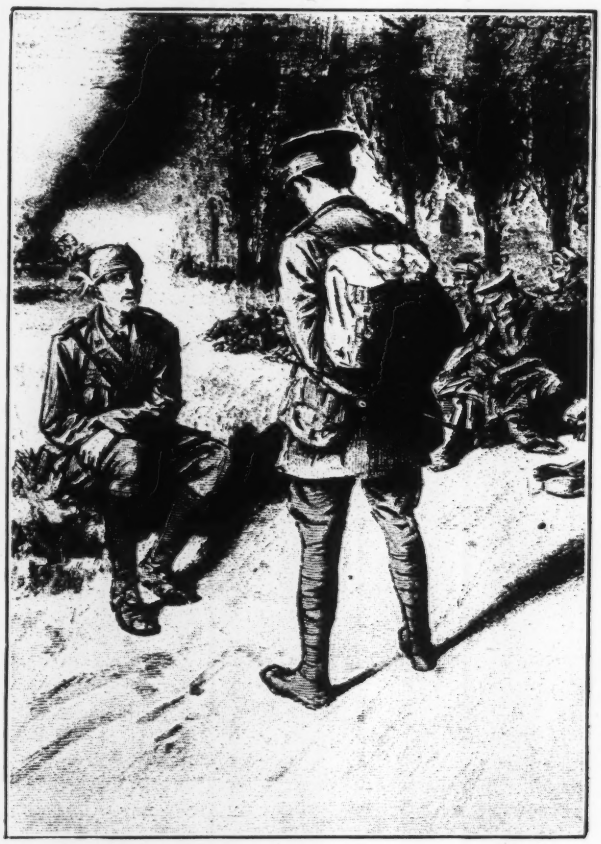
By HENRI BARBUSSE. Translated by FITZWATER WRAY. 6s. (Dent.)

One scarcely knows whether to call this a story; it reads like history, not like history as it is commonly written, but a stark record of facts—the intimate, fearlessly truthful day to day chronicle of a French poilu who has been campaigning through some of the fiercest of the fighting. There is no glorification of the war; he shows it nakedly as a muddy, bloody, brutal misery, relieved by the cheeriness, the dogged patriotism, the patient endurance and more or less unconscious heroism of his companions. Without apparent art or subtlety, in the simplest, most natural fashion, he makes you acquainted with those companions, non-commissioned officers and men, with glimpses of the higher commands, and with a hundred quiet touches of detail reveals their differing characters and sharply individualises them. You live with him and them through many pages, in billet, in camp, on the march, in the trenches and under fire, amid the uproar and confusion and horrors of battle, the most repellent of such horrors being as simply and uncompromisingly described as if it were on his conscience to make his picture nakedly true; then in a line or two first one then another of the men you have grown to know and like are wiped out of existence; you see them fall in the heat of conflict, or come by chance upon their distorted corpses in some filthy slough. The feeling, the atmosphere, the beautiful humanity and hideous barbarism of the whole thing are here. It is a great book; the most intensely and wonderfully realised revelation of the war and the soul of the French common soldier that we have yet read.

THE WAY OF PEACE.

By H. FIELDING-HALL. 10s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

We are already genuinely in debt to Mr. Fielding-Hall for several works of very great charm and wisdom. This, his latest, and unhappily his last, is a summing up of his views and judgments and hopes of life and society and of England as she might be. It is a book of sweetness and mellow, gentle wisdom, and withal very clear and decided in thought and expression. Of course, being Mr. Fielding-Hall, he would fain restore the organisation of all countries to what prevailed in the early natural days, when the unit and nucleus of society was the village community. Herein is light and life and poise and joy for the whole people. It was to the survival of the village life that the Elizabethan age owed all that made it free and strong and potent. Magna Charta, he will tell you, so far from being the beginning of freedom for England, was the beginning of servitude. He longs to restore joy and competent, active, controlled and untrammelled content to the dwellers on earth, and offers shrewd and helpful comment on nearly every human and social relation. And with all his destructive criticism he never irritates, you read with delight even when you fail to go all the way with him. This is a book to treasure, it brings you into personal relation with a friend.



"IT'S ALL RIGHT," HE SAID.

From **How the King's Scout Fared in the Great War** *(Wells, Gardner).*

TEMPORARY HEROES.

By Cecil Sommers. With Illustrations by the Author. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"Thomas" is a cheery young Scots lieutenant, and this series of his letters from various parts of France and Belgium, from camps, billets, dug-outs, from railway trains, wayside inns and front-line trenches, to his Phyllis at home makes one of the vividest, liveliest and most entertaining of all the war books. Mr. Cecil Sommers has a delightfully whimsical humour, a neat hand at anecdote and dialogue, and in the easiest and most natural manner possible he conveys a very realistic impression of his experiences and gets a minutely visualised picture of his everyday life with the B.E.F. and the atmosphere that surrounds it into his pages. He has his serious moments, but there is no effort at pathos or at harrowing you with the darker sides of war; these things drop in briefly, casually, on occasion, and are the more effective for their casualness and the abrupt reassertion of gaiety with which he brushes them aside. They are exactly such letters as such a man would write to such a charming girl as you imagine his Phyllis to be—they make light of hardships and danger with the stoical courage and high spirits that have carried our Armies through such horrors as no army was ever called upon to face before. Alike in their humour and their matter-of-fact air of truthfulness they are the real thing. A wholly enjoyable book; it should set the most firmly established pessimist laughing and convince him that the men who can take the war like this are the men to win it.

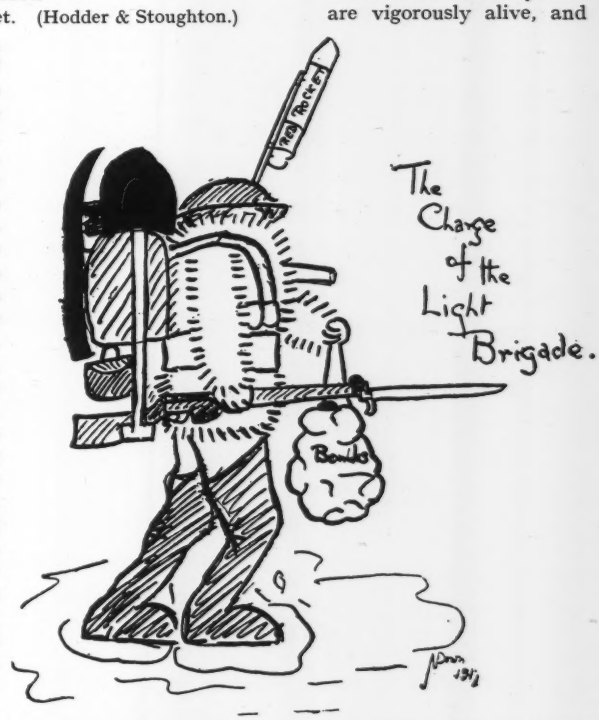
Von Bethmann-Hollweg

A study in expression. Reproduced from the German paper *Die Woche*, and used as cover design for "The Lie of August 3rd, 1914." (Hodder and Stoughton).

THE BLOODLESS WAR.

By E. M. Gray. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

More graphically than in any other book the extent of Italy's commercial servitude to Germany is told in "The Bloodless War," by Ezio M. Gray, which has been translated from the Italian by Bernard Miall. One example of how the Germans combined business and espionage may be given briefly. The Italian Navy five years ago invited tenders for the supply of table silver for warships. A German firm of Hermann, by offering extraordinary discount, got the contract. In the first month of the European War—that is to say long before Italy came in—the representative of this firm, being suspected, was interned in Sardinia; but he had furnished the German staff with full reports concerning Italy's arsenals and artillery headquarters, whose sentinels had for a year been presenting arms to him. This is typical. Not even Belgium was so thoroughly the victim of Germany's "peaceful penetration" as Italy. But "the German economic incrustation on the fair body of Italy" is now realised by Italians themselves, and one of their objects in the war is to be independent of Germany. The author warns them that they must be persistent, because Germany is planning to execute fresh exploits when peace returns. Logic, prudence, and wisdom, he says, require that the Italians, and the whole civilised world, should rebuild about Germany the great Roman Wall, so that the German nation would be forced to look into each other's emaciated faces, and to live alone, with the shadow of their crime between them.



From **Temporary Heroes** (*John Lane*).

"Not much glory about it."

THE IRISH ON THE SOMME.

By Michael MacDonagh. With an Introduction by John Redmond, M.P. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In an earlier volume, "The Irish at the Front," Mr. MacDonagh gave us the great story of what the Irish regiments of the Regular Army did in France, Flanders and Gallipoli during the early stages of the war, and now in "The Irish on the Somme" he has written a full and admirable record of what has been done since then by the three distinctively Irish units of the New Armies on the Western Front—the Ulster Division, the Irish Division (representative of the south and west), and the "Tyneside Irish," in which Irishmen living in the north of England enlisted. Incidentally he deals also with the Irish Regular regiments of the Line, and with the numerous body of Irishmen serving in English, Scottish and Welsh battalions, and in the Anzacs and Canadians. It is an ably written and intensely interesting book; its battle pictures are vigorously alive, and in scores of little touches of character and illuminating anecdotes it reveals not only the superb fighting qualities but the hearts and minds and souls of the Irish soldiers. In his preface Mr. Redmond relates how magnificently, in point of numbers, the Irish have contributed to the forces that are fighting for civilisation and human right, and as he says of that manifestation so the reader is moved to say of the splendid tale of their achievements as he comes to the end of this narration of them, "Surely it must be regarded as a proud and astonishing record."

THE WORLD OF STATES.

By C. Delisle Burns, M.A. 2s. net. (Headley Bros.)

This is the first of a series of books which is intended to cover the main points relative to the function of the State. The series is well and intelligently planned, and if

From **At the Serbian Front in Macedonia,** By E. P. Stebbing, which Mr. John Lane is publishing.

THE BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS AFTER THE CAPTURE OF GOENICEVO RIDGE BY THE SERBIANS.

all are as well and intelligently written as this it will prove a valuable addition to the library of the subject. The author's purpose in this volume is limited but well defined and clear; he deals with the emotional and intellectual forces or tendencies which underlie the elaborate political and social structure of the present world, deliberately setting out to reduce all the fundamental issues to terms of men, women and children. One of his most hopeful suggestions is for co-operation between States, positive co-operation in definitely conceived tasks, which he thinks is the best method of eliminating the primitive passions, and ennobling the meaning of nationality. Every chapter is full of fertile and stimulating ideas, and even where one fails quite to subscribe one acknowledges an interest and pleasure in formulating one's opposition.

THE STRAITS IMPREGNABLE.

By SYDNEY DE LOGHE. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

The complete story of the Gallipoli Expedition has yet to be told, if it *is* ever told in our time. Meanwhile those who would like to read the simple, unvarnished narrative of a soldier who, if he scarcely went through the worst of it, had yet a sufficiently rough time, may be recommended to turn to this record of the experiences of "Gunner Lake." It describes one or two horrible things, but nothing that can be called sensational, nothing even that "Sapper" or Boyd Cable could make a story out of. Yet it is quite readable in its way, primarily because its subject matter is interesting, and secondly because its author, with his soliloquies and his verses, has the knack of at once revealing his personality and of giving a quaint and original turn to his story.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE FRIENDS.

Poems from a German Prison Camp. By F. W. HARVEY. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

A few days before Lieutenant Harvey's first book of poems, "A Gloucestershire Lad," was published he was taken prisoner by the Germans. Whilst in prison he has written the poems in this second volume and the German authorities allowed him to send the MS. home for publication. They are for the most part snatches of song inspired by his life in the prison camp and the moods that came to him there. He writes of "Prisoners," "What We Think Of," "Solitary Confinement," "Christmas in Prison," "England in Memory," "To the Unknown Nurse"; there are some charming verses about children, and no lack of vigour and vividness in his poems of the war, and, as Bishop Frodsham says in an introduction, "all the verses have a sweetness and beauty entirely their own." Naturally the most characteristic note in the book is the homesickness that speaks in such as "Loneliness":

"Oh, where's the use to write?
What can I tell you, dear?
Just that I want you so
Who are not near.
Just that I miss the lamp whose blessed light
Was God's own moon to shine upon my night,
And newly mourn each new day's lost delight:
Just—oh, it will not ease my pain—
That I am lonely
Until I see you once again,
You—you only."

From **Six Months on the Italian Front.** By Julius M. Price (*Chapman & Hall*).

BUT NOTHING HAD STOPPED THE RUSH OF THE ITALIANS.

THE CANTEENERS.

By AGNES M. DIXON. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

We have been reading in the newspapers during the past month how the third anniversary of the battle of the Marne was celebrated solemnly on the ground in presence of the French President and Premier. A small incident which is related by Agnes M. Dixon in "The Canteeners" belongs to a period when the magnitude of the Marne was less clearly realised than it is to-day, namely, about two years ago. The author, who is one of the band of devoted British ladies who went to assist the French, was seated in a train one day near Troyes when an oldish man looked earnestly at her, and spoke. As soon as he heard who she was and what work she was doing, he burst out, "Ah, Madame, cette bataille de la Marne—les soldats anglais, c'est l'Angleterre qui a sauvé la France." He kept repeating it, says Mrs. Dixon, "and put his hand out and clasped mine, and when it came time for him to get out he shook my hand again and bowed, and hurried out speechless." The book is illustrated with photographs showing the ladies serving coffee to the French soldiers passing through the station at Troyes, etc. Its spirit is shown by the dedication, to the French poilu—"to his courage, patience, modesty and chivalry."

MR. C. E. W. BEAN, war-correspondent for the Commonwealth of Australia, whose "Letters from France" was recently published by Messrs. Cassell.

From The Canteeners (*John Murray*). RETURNING TO THE FRONT.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER-PEASANT.

War Sketches and Incidents. By SOPHIE DE BELLEGARDE. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. net. (Mowbray.)

The vivid and intimate sketches gathered into this book were written before the revolution had brought a great external change over the life of Russia. "I say external," writes the Dean of Lincoln in a prologue, "because such a change in no way alters the spirit and nature of a people." And it is with the spirit of the Russian peasant as a soldier, a simply and devoutly religious spirit in the main, that Madame De Bellegarde's intimate studies and sketches are concerned. She has worked among her own people, and knows their strength as well as their weaknesses, and after reading her anecdotes and descriptions and realising through them the manner of men they are, you do not wonder that the Dean should still feel able to tell us to "trust elemental Russia." One suspects that in the beautifully pathetic little narrative of "The Regiment's 'Grannie'" there is more of personal experience than the author implies. The book is edited by the Rev. E. Hermitage Day, D.D., and is illustrated with some interesting photographs.

From The Russian Soldier-Peasant (*Mowbray*). TYPES OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

ON TWO FRONTS.

By Major H. M. ALEXANDER, D.S.O. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Another war-book of personal experiences, written in bluff, pedestrian style, without any frills or fuss. And all the better for that perhaps, since it gives us a simple soldier's impressions of events transcending the imagination of the greatest genius that ever shook the world to wonder and horror and amazement. Especially impressive is Major Alexander's description of our fateful adventures in Gallipoli and their horrifically disastrous results. There is some quality in this book, though its theme has—alas!—become commonplace enough by now, that makes us want to meet Major Alexander again. We have somehow evolved the idea that he is a very brave and modest gentleman.